THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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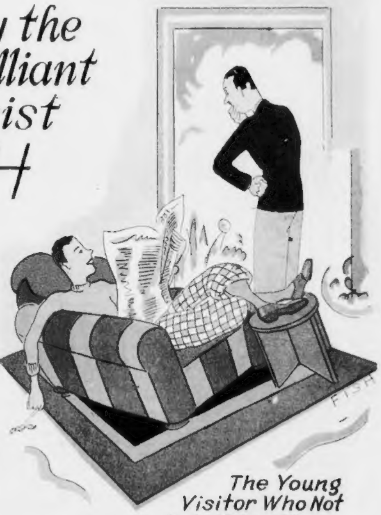
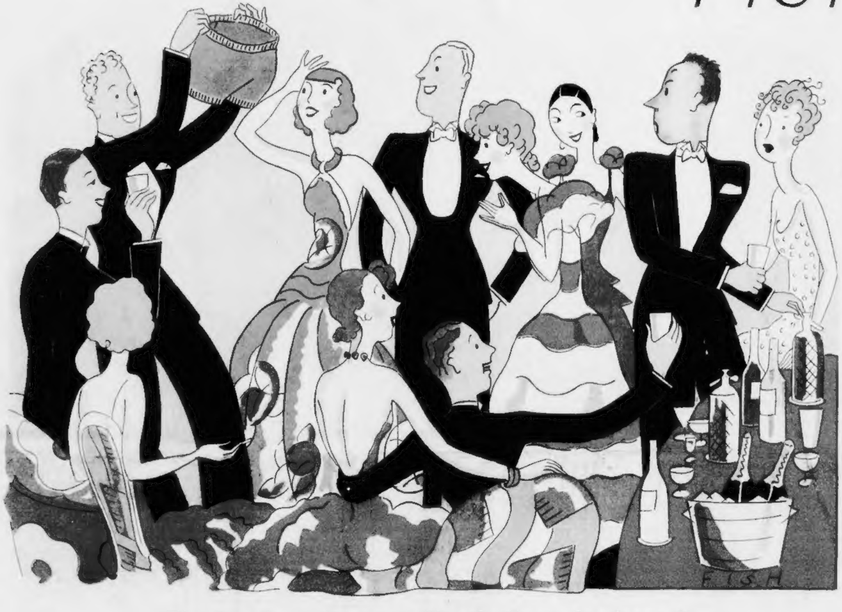
Sunday, May 23, 1937

Guests We Never Invite Again

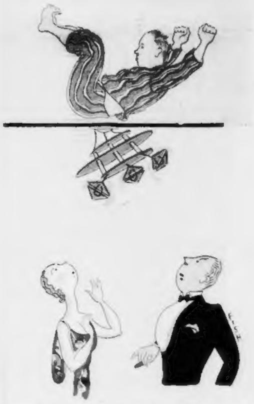
By the Brilliant Satirist FISH



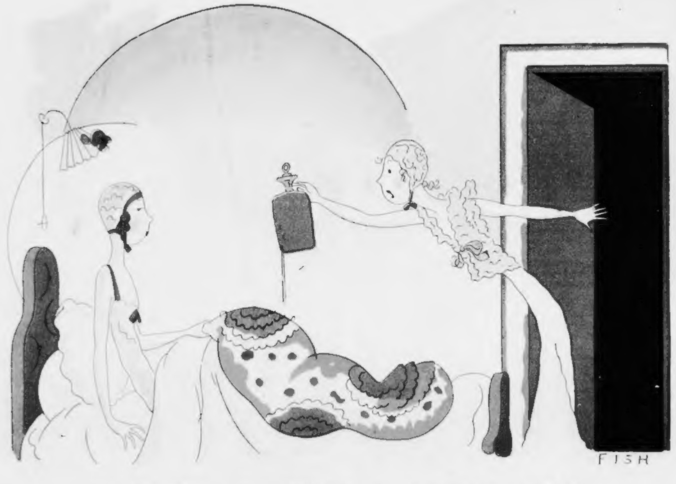
The Young Visitor Who Not Only Takes Your Favorite Chair and Newspaper, But Reads You Bits Out Of It



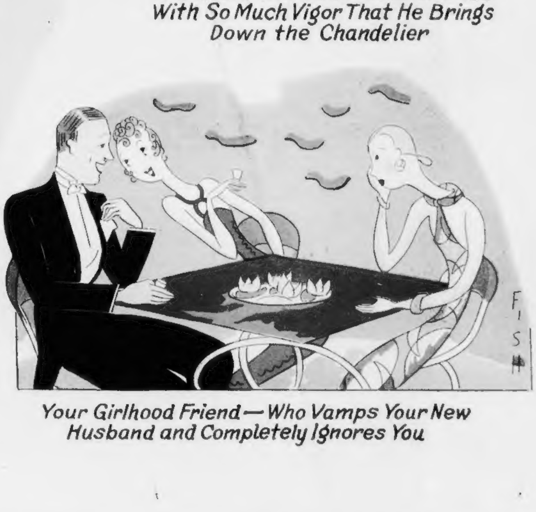
The Amateur Conjurer Who Suddenly Produces Your Shorts, and Makes a Fool of You Before Your Guests



The Guest Who Does His Exercises With So Much Vigor That He Brings Down the Chandelier



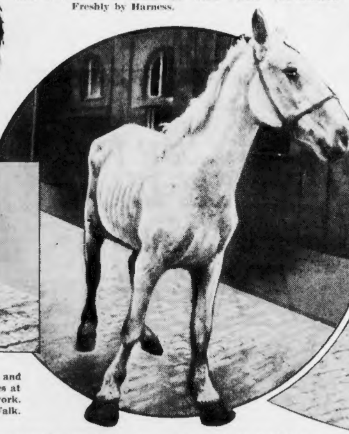
The Young Lady Guest Who Comes to Tell You at 2 A.M. That Her Hot Water Bottle Has Burst in Her Bed



Your Girlhood Friend—Who Vamps Your New Husband and Completely Ignores You

Refuge At Last For The Cruelly Neglected Horses Of The World War

A Red Roan Gelding, Over Thirty Years Old, and Hero of the War. He Has Found Green Pastures at Last, After Years of Starvation and Overwork. His Legs Are So Strained He Can Hardly Walk.



Lame and Half Dead, This White Gelding Was Rescued, but Not Before He Had Gone Blind. Though Badly Wounded, He Was Worked on a Farm, and When Found Was Scarred Freshly by Harness.

A Senile and Emaciated Animal, Half-Starved and Blind, Which Was Retrieved From Drudgery on a Peasant Farm. The Old Veteran Ate Ravenously When Given His First Square Meal in Years.

This Thirty-Year-Old Black Mule Had Not Only Been Starved but Beaten. He Had Been Worked on One Farm and Sold to the Proprietor of Another, When the Agents Reached Him.

LONDON.

IN THE troubled years after the armistice the English people, naturally, didn't give more than a passing thought to the horses and mules that the British troops used in the World War and sold in France and Belgium soon after peace was declared. It is only recently that officials of the Our Dumb Friends' League, with headquarters in this city, found out that there are still some 200 such animals, all of them more than twenty years old and some of them more than thirty-five years old, still being worked on French and Belgium farms.

An investigator was sent to the Continent. He traced many of the four-footed veterans and returned to appeal for funds to buy them up and either have them put out of their misery or pensioned off to spend the rest of their days in comfort.

The response of the British public was generous and enough money was raised to buy fifty of the animals from their owners. All but three of the horses and mules were shot because they were halt and worn-out and half-blind. The three former war horses were brought back to England and put on a farm where, for the rest of their lives they won't have to work.

The photographs on this page show four of the army animals that were humanely disposed of. In many cases the peasant owners of the horses and mules—which still bore the brands of the units in which they served—were still bartering the animals which should have been allowed to quit work long ago.

Right after the war more than a thousand horses and mules were sold to French and Belgian buyers, and at a very reasonable price. The British Government did this because there wasn't room for all the animals in England, and because it was realized that such beasts of burden were badly needed to carry on the work of rehabilitation in the war-torn areas.

When the London newspapers published the facts of the case, the question of dealing with such matters in the future was argued in the House of Commons. The debate lasted for five hours and some of the speakers worked themselves up into righteous wrath that such inhumanity should exist. Calmer voices pointed out that the army officials had no idea what had become of the animals, after the sale so many years ago, and refused to blame the Government for not keeping tabs on the situation.

William Shepherd Morrison, Minister of Agriculture, made a sort of defense for the French and Belgian owners of the weary and decrepit beasts by reminding the legislators that the animals suffered a fate no worse than many a valuable thoroughbred in England. He mentioned particularly the horses used in fox-hunting, animals that are often painfully injured in the sport and destroyed when they are of no further use.

This opinion didn't go down so well with many members of the House of Commons who saw little comparison between British hunters, well-fed and stabled during their days of active service and, if they survived the dangers of the sport, retired to green pastures before they were anywhere near as old as the veterans of army service discovered still working in France and Belgium.

Anyway, it appears that enough money will be raised to buy up the rest of the 200 horses and mules and that most of them will be mercifully shot to put an end to their unhappy lives.

One of the animals shot was a brown mule more than forty years old, a once stout worker that had pulled guns and supply wagons through the mud of Flanders. This fellow, the legislators were told, was blind in both eyes and weak from starvation as well as from age and overwork. His legs were so stiff he could hardly stand.

Similar descriptions were given of most of the other animals destroyed, and some of the listeners were outspoken about the penuriousness of farmers who would think of working such creatures.

Costumes From Her Turkeys

THE attractive costume shown in the photograph below did not come from one of the fashion salons of Paris. It was made by the good-looking wearer, Mrs. A. P. Holly, Jr., who runs a turkey ranch in Ramona, California, and was inspired to make some practical use of the thousands of waste turkey feathers that accumulate around the place.

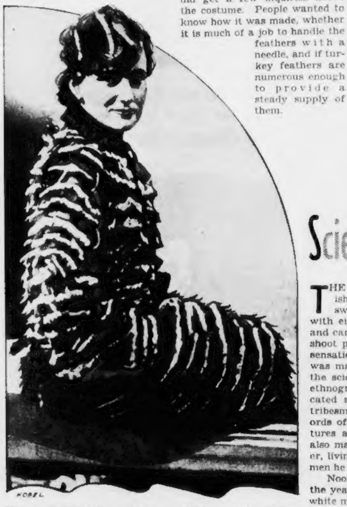
The feathers of the turkey gobbler, although not especially colorful, are beautifully marked. Their tips are a whitish color and the rest of the feathers are brown. For a long time it did not occur to Mrs. Holly to do anything with the feathers that fell from the birds as they strutted about the ranch, or when they were rounded up and sent to market at Thanksgiving and Christmas time.

She had seen many photographs of outfits with feather decorations and went to work to do a little designing herself. She wandered about the estate picking up feathers. When several hundred of the things had been gathered, she sorted them with a keen eye for shape and color, and saved out some 450 which were used in the ensemble she's shown wearing in the photograph.

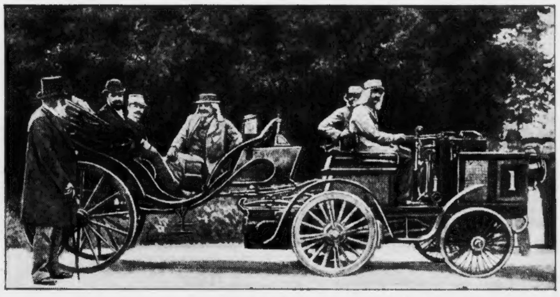
The feathers were sewed to the fabric in horizontal rows, and they went into the making of the hat, the muff and gloves, as well as into the coat. It is no easy job to attach 450 feathers of any kind to cloth, and Mrs. Holly was at her task for a couple of weeks. The results were worth her while, however, for when she wore the outfit on the street people stopped to look and to admire.

It might seem that the ensemble is on the fragile side and not suitable to wear in rainy weather. But the turkey costume is all right in any weather, because the feathers were "conditioned" right on the birds and shed rain better than most man-made fabrics.

Mrs. Holly thought, for a time, that her outfit might start something of a fashion vogue out on the West Coast, because she did get a few inquiries about the costume. People wanted to know how it was made, whether it is much of a job to handle the feathers with a needle, and if turkey feathers are numerous enough to provide a steady supply of them.



Mrs. A. P. Holly, Jr., of Ramona, California, Who Makes Costumes Out of Waste Feathers From the Turkeys on Her Ranch. She Has a Collection of Attractive Gloves, Muffs, Hats, Coats, Etc. The Coat She Is Wearing Has 450 Feathers on It.



The Trailer Photographed on the Streets of Paris, Behind an Automobile, in July, 1894. It Created More Interest Than the Most Luxurious Trailer of Today.

Trailers New? They Had 'Em in 1894

IN THIS age of automobile trailers, pictures like the one above look very old-fashioned. But it may be that this queer-looking machine was the grandfather of the comfortable, streamline trailers that are rolling over the roads today.

The picture was snapped during the Paris-to-Rouen automobile road race back in the Summer of 1894. The motive power for the contraption was not a gasoline-driven machine but a "steamer" with a fire-box, a boiler and all the other impedimenta necessary to such a vehicle.

The "steamer" itself had one seat only big enough to accommodate the driver and one passenger, so a two-wheeled carriage was attached to it and towed about, to the comfort of the gentlemen who rode in the trailer and to the amazement of the crowd which had gathered for the race.

The two-part wagon, with its heavy hind wheels, turned out to be amazingly fast for its time. The official records of the race, staged half a dozen years before the turn of the century, reveal that the "steamer" and its two-wheeled trailer rolled over the roads at a clip of about twenty-four miles an hour.

In those days twenty miles an hour was going right along and the men who traveled in the trailer more than once cautioned the driver to cut down on the speed before the thing ran away with them all.

No accidents befell the passengers, however, and the strange machine attracted more attention than any of the other cars in the race. It is said that the "steamer" is still in existence and capable of traveling under its own power.

Makings of a Beauty Omelet

HUNDREDS of good-looking young women have been photographed in as many bathtubs. They smiled charmingly while they advertised this and that aid to cleanliness and beauty and health. But Miss Muriel Wolfson—shown in the photograph below—probably is one of the few members of her sex to recline in a bathtub while she was covered with a supply of hens' eggs.

Performing this stunt wasn't just some whimsey of Miss Wolfson's. The picture was made at the annual Egg Festival held at Laurel-in-the-Pines, near Lakewood, New Jersey, and was, of course, intended to publicize the event and the community.

Whoever induced this comely girl to get into a tub with a mess of fresh eggs knew his stuff. The reading public, it seems, never tires of looking at pictures of shapely young women in costumes, or lack of costumes, which reveal their anatomical charms.

Egg festivals, furniture, Summer hotels, hardware—almost everything under the sun is publicized nowadays with the help of what artists call "the form divine." It's a trick that the makers and promoters of commercial products borrowed from show business, and it seems to be working.

Getting the stage set for the picture below, however, was something of a delicate operation. First, of course, the attractive young woman settled herself comfortably in the tub. Then attendants piled the eggs around her. Each egg had to be laid carefully in place in order to avoid an accident which would have made it necessary for Miss Wolfson to make use of the tub in the orthodox way after the posing was over.

Miss Muriel Wolfson in the Egg "Bath," Photographed During the Festival Over Which She Reigned Recently at Lakewood, New Jersey.

Scientist Lives Like Savage; Knows Elephant Language

SINGAPORE.

THE other day a slight, youngish-looking Britisher with an Oxford accent arrived in this sweltering crossroads between East and West with eight swarthy savages, bedecked in feathers and carrying bows and arrows and blow pipes that shoot poisoned darts. The squad, which caused a sensation even in a place used to strange sights, was made up of members of a "lost" tribe which the scientist—H. D. Noone, by name, and official ethnographer for the Malayan State of Perak—located after months of search. He brought the tribesmen to Singapore to have phonographic records of their speech made and to have their features and costumes photographed. The scientist also made arrangements with a well-known painter, living in Singapore, to do some portraits of the men he brought out of the jungle.

Noone, who spends at least seven months of the year in the Malayan jungles, is one of the few white men who can talk to elephants. The elephant language of Malay, he says, is a man-made patois which consists of only about twenty words. It is the language that the mahouts, who spend their lives working the tame beasts of the jungle, use to direct the big brutes. Most of the words are strange sounds almost impossible for white men to learn to say with just the right pace and inflection. It took Noone years to master the talk, which he now speaks as well as any native.

The Britisher doesn't travel like most white men who leave civilization to explore the remote corners of the Malay peninsula. Like a native, he just lives on the land as he travels. He goes "light," as he puts it, carrying little food and only a small supply of medicine with which to fight fever, snake bite and physical injuries.

He speaks fluently the language of three Malayan tribes and is accepted in their bailiwick as one who belongs there, even though he is typically British in appearance. The natives know that he can bag game with the best of them, not only with a rifle, but with a bow and arrow and a blowgun. They respect him because he does not travel with the complicated equipment of most white men who venture into the jungle in their part of the world.

Noone expects to carry on his scientific work for three or four more years and then, he says, he plans to take a sort of vacation by going on a lecture tour of the British Empire and the United States.

Reformed "Playboy" Comes Back to Broadway's Gay Night Life

Multimillionaire Phil Plant Who Deserted Night Clubs and Show Girls for the Peaceful Career of a Gentleman Farmer Gives Up His Chickens and Pigs and Returns to His Former Haunts

"Lovely Ladies" Who Have Been In-and-Out of Young Mr. Plant's Life

On the Right Is a Photograph of the Present Mrs. Plant, Who Has Begun Proceedings to Step Out of the Young Multimillionaire's Life.

As Mr. Plant Contemplated His Pedigreed Chickens and Fed Them Their Corn, Visions Came to Him of the Broadway Night-Life Chickens Which Feed on Gold Pieces Until the Lure of the Old Nights of Gaiety Became Irresistible.

Miss Judith Smith, Fashionable New York Society Girl, Who Almost Married Mr. Plant.

INP

Constance Bennett, the Film Star, Who Married but Soon Divorced the Playboy.

Helene Jesmer, Show Girl, Who Sued Phil for Injuries Sustained in an Automobile Accident and Was Awarded $100,000.

Claire Windsor, Movie Star Guest of Plant on His Yacht, Sued Him for a Ducking She Received When His Yacht Was in a Collision and Claire Was Knocked Overboard.

ACME

Marjorie Finley, a Show Girl, Who Sued Phil for Breach of Promise, but the Case Was Settled Without Going to a Jury.

AFTER three years of placid life on the farm, Philip M. Plant, famous "Reformed Playboy Number One," has listened to the call of the wild and is headed back for the bright lights of Broadway, with its wine, woman and song.

The call was sounded by the beautiful Miss Marjorie King but the real trouble, though not mentioned in the divorce suit by Mrs. "Playboy Plant Number Two" is said to be lampshades.

"She made lampshades all the time and why should she do that when I could have bought her a trainload of them?" asks the young multimillionaire.

It may sound like a trivial matter compared with too much drinking, staying out all night, "running around," bad temper and other common complaints, but this was a very special case. The alleged maker of unwanted lampshades is Mrs. Edna Dunham Plant, who had performed the miracle of luring America's biggest and best playboy from the bright light jungle to a Connecticut farm where his only compensations were the chickens and the second Mrs. Plant. The chickens did their bit, laying eggs and winning prizes for him, but Philip complains that there was no thrill in watching his own wife making lampshades for no reason except to dim what few bright lights they had on the farm.

Philip wanted to indulge with her in horseback riding, boating, swimming, taking long hikes and other such "he-man" sports.

"Bah!" answered Mrs. Plant, "those are he-woman sports," and went right on with her lampshade "vice." Mr. Plant's blue-blooded sheep can say "Bah" to him but from the wife of his bosom it was not so acceptable.

Edna denies that she is an immoderate shademaker but thinks it *would* not have made any difference. She *says* that Marjorie called, Philip *answered* and that is all there is to it *except that* she wants a divorce and *$500,000* alimony.

However, she also *had heard* that love call, seen her *husband* cock a psychic ear and she *decided* to make a desperate effort to *save* him from going back to "the *savages* in evening dress." Her *scheme* was to encourage him to put *in* some time among the unsophisticated savages of Africa, in an expedition sanctioned by the American Museum of Natural History, in Kenya, to complete its wart hog and ostrich collections.

Mrs. Plant made the supreme sacrifice of giving up temporarily her lampshade career to be the only *woman* in the expedition, which had a *trailer* with all the latest *improvements*, *including* the ability to turn *into a boat* when rivers had to be *crossed*. *With* no feminine competition, *this miracle*-working woman *thought she could* surely win back the *heart of this slipping* playboy to her *and the life serene*.

Mr. Plant *must have hoped it* would work or he *would not have* made the experiment, *but it failed*. He tells of one evening, *standing on* a hill of the Kenya *wilds*, *looking* toward the sunset. *To some people* an African sunset *would not* suggest the electric *lights of Broadway*, but it was a lot of *light on the* horizon in the general *direction of* New York and Plant says he *went almost* mad with desire to be *back* there and back he went.

Some women do not appear to advantage in such an expedition, being hardly more than a liability and dead weight, but not Edna. She is a crack rifle shot and a competent huntress, helping Phil track down his beasts and shooting a good many of them herself. Together they completed the ostrich and wart hog groups for the Akeley Hall in the museum. Together they had several hair-raising experiences, getting several prize trophies. Both of them shot lions out of trees where the beasts had climbed at dawn after zebra *bait*, suspended there.

But all the time *her* husband's party of scientists, guides and porters were stalking their dumb-animal prey in Africa, this skilled huntress had a pack of her own hunters stalking the trails of Broadway, following the dainty footsteps of Miss King. These were detectives disguised as playboys, men-about-town, big-butter-and-egg men and other familiar characters of the Broadway jungle who would be able to get within earshot of a former Follies show girl without exciting her suspicions. These hunters dared not shoot her or even bring her home alive. They were more like the naturalists who study their game with camera and spyglass.

If they could "get the goods on her" for anything done while Plant was on Safari in Africa, it might make him deaf to the love call after he returned. Should they be able to backtrack something wrong that she and Plant had done before he left, that would be useful in such a divorce as she is now bringing. Apparently the sleuths did not unearth much displeasing to Phil because for the next three weeks after landing in New York he was seen constantly with Miss King in those old Broadway haunts they both knew so well.

Realizing that a squad of detectives was watching, Mr. Plant enlisted an army of 24 of his own to watch his wife watch him. According to Mr. Plant, as far as evidence of infidelity on the part of either Mr. or Mrs. Plant is concerned, all any of the detectives brought in was staggering expense accounts. An African hunting expedition is less costly than following the trail through the "sucker clubs."

But, after three weeks of unbroken Broadway life, Mr. Plant collapsed and had to be taken to a hospital. The hospital called it dysentery, contracted in Africa, but Mrs. Pant called it alcoholism and the general miasma of the night clubs where one gets stung all over, as much as in a natural jungle. Though Edna did not visit the patient she thought about him and sent a lovely box of candy. Candy is not good for a man flat on his back with dysentery but sugar is good for alcoholism, which is her diagnosis of the case.

Also she sent it by a lady so lovely that the hospital authorities thought it would do the patient good to gaze upon her and they let her into the sick room. The beauty laid the candy on the bed where it was forgotten in the excitement aroused by the sentiment that went with it. This was a summons and complaint in Mrs. Plant's divorce suit, charging drunkenness, infidelity with a certain Jane Doe and asking $500,000 alimony, which would increase the pulse and temperature of any sort of patient.

Mr. Plant says she can have the divorce, but considers half a million dollars exorbitant. He estimates that $100,000 would buy her more raw materials than she could work into lampshades in a lifetime.

Big game hunters and explorers are said to develop a sixth sense, which warns them of approaching danger. One night, just before he collapsed, Mr. Plant was sitting in a night club with Miss King and others, when one of these premonitions seized him, but, at first, he could not tell where the danger was coming from. Looking into his bubbling champagne glass, as a clairvoyant gazes into her crystal, Phil saw a vision of something that looked like a little book.

"My diary!" he cried, and leaving Miss King and the other revellers flat, he dashed to the house of his mother, now the wife of Colonel William Hayward, former United States Attorney in the New York District, and living at 920 Fifth Avenue.

Women have gotten themselves and others into embarrassment by setting down the high spots and some of the lows of their lives in writing, and it seems that Phil had fallen into this dangerous habit to while away the dull hours when his wife was making lampshades. At the first sign of hostilities with Edna, he had prudently placed the diary in his mother's hands for safe keeping. He says he arrived at her house just in the nick of time to keep the little volume from falling into the clutches of a newly-hired servant. This must have been a detective, he thinks, because she promptly departed without demanding any pay.

Most mothers of playboys pray for some quiet, sensible woman like Edna to reform their sons and make them like the normal, useful life. That prayer is so rarely answered that one would expect to find Mrs. Hayward fiercely prejudiced in favor of a daughter-in-law who had gotten him away from it all and onto a farm for three years. Yet it is no secret that she never liked Edna, and approves of Marjorie, who is calling him back to it all.

In spite of her theatrical background, Miss King is already no stranger to the elite society of New York, where she has already been reported as engaged to William Rhinelander Stewart, to Bert Taylor, another blue-blood, to say nothing of George Raft and others.

Phil Plant is a child of luck. He did not inherit the wealth that has made the playboy life possible. Phil's father, the late Seldon Mainwaring, was his mother's first husband, and left little but the small inn and some 800 odd acres, near New London, Connecticut, called Oswegatchie, and which Phil converted into his chicken farm. Her second husband was Morton Plant, son of the railroad builder, Henry Plant. Morton Plant adopted Phil as his own son and left him the fortune estimated at the time as $17,000,000. If it was ever that much it has certainly shriveled since the depression.

Phil did not dare to begin his playboy career until 1918, when Mr. Plant died, making a change in the will impossible. Nor did he get into the news violently until 1920, when, with the fastest car money could buy at the time, he slid into a ditch, near New Haven, Connecticut, with a party of Yale boys and Miss Helene Jesmer, nineteen-year-old Greenwich Village Follies beauty. All came out undamaged except Miss Jesmer, whose beauty was ruined forever, with such pitiful damages as the loss of sight in one eye and of almost all her teeth. She sued him for $500,000, the same amount as the undamaged Edna wants, and she got $100,000.

In 1925, Phil surprised everyone by deciding to do the correct and sensible thing for a youth in his social and financial circumstances. He became engaged to Miss Judith Marcia Smith, daughter of the socially-registered Mr. and Mrs. George Hunter Smith, of New York, one of the prettiest and most charming debutantes of the season. But he wanted to keep right on being a playboy, which did not suit Miss Smith at all. While pondering that problem he met Miss Constance Bennett, the actress, who told him the answer, which was to fall out of love with Miss Smith and into love with herself. He did so, almost wrecking Miss Smith's heart.

Miss Bennett, whose marriage with Chester Hirst Moorhead, of Chicago, had been annulled for sudden and somewhat mysterious reasons, knew

(Continued on Page 26)

Baby Makes A Discovery

LIFE, for the very young, is just one great discovery after another. Every day an infant of the age of the curious young lady caught by the candid camera and shown on this page finds at least one intriguing surprise—not the least of which is that she has what seems like a lot of toes.

The time will come when the subject of this amusing study will not be oblivious to the cameraman when he drops around to make a record of her features, but right now she's not much interested in the photographer because she's entranced with several pink and wiggling things that appear almost to have a life of their own.

At first she observes the phenomenon with mild surprise, wondering perhaps why she never had seen those things before. As she gazes the objects move. Movement and color are two of the elements that are extremely important in the experience of an infant just learning what the world is all about. They reach the brain through the eye and set up that most valuable of mental reactions—curiosity.

Anyway the infant can't resist checking up on her discovery any longer. She reaches out with one chubby hand and, testily, takes hold of the biggest of the wriggling objects. She holds tight when it moves and decides that the situation calls for further research.

So, thanks to a flexible spine, the youngster leans forward for a close-up and takes a toothless bite. She feels the bite and learns, for the first exciting time, that the toe is part of her own body.

To a grownup who has forgotten the experiences of babyhood, this may not seem like an event of staggering importance, but to a newcomer on this planet it's big stuff.

It won't be long now before Mother will be teaching the youngster to lisp the word "toe" and will be completely clearing up the mystery by playing that nursery game which tells the story of the little pig that went to market, the one that stayed at home, the other one that had roast beef, his partner who had none and, finally, the littlest toe-pig of all, that went wee-wee-wee all the way home.

LENA TOWSLEY PHOTO'S

The Young Lady, Whose Eyes Have Just Focussed, Sees Those Wiggly Little Toes and Wonders, "What can they be?" The Toes Wiggle Again, But That's No Answer.

So, the Hands, Already Discovered, Begin to Explore, and, Sure Enough, Those Rosy Things Are Part of the Baby, Because They Are Sensitive to Touch.

Now to Prove It. An Experimental Bite and Baby Is Convinced. Well, Now She's Got Something Interesting to Play With.

Hats Off to the New Dance

THE Goddess Terpsichore may look down from Olympus, or wherever the mythical deities of old times hang out, and wonder what new twist of the fan-dance people will think up next.

Sally Rand gets credit, or blame, for starting the vogue with the maneuvers she went through with only a couple of oversize feather fans and a few minor odds and ends as a costume. Her divertisement was picked up by other dancers in this country and abroad, and she finally was inspired to step away from her imitators by substituting big gas-filled balloons for the wispy fans. She prettily called this the "Bubble Dance," but it was just the same old fan-dance with slightly "different" props to charmingly cover up her fetching state of undress.

And now it's the "Sombrero Dance," with the performer skillfully manipulating a couple of those broad-brimmed Mexican chapeaux while she skips about the stage, just as Miss Rand used to with the fans and subsequently, with her fragile bubbles.

The new version of the fan-dance was concocted to amuse visitors to the Pan-American Exposition at Dallas, Texas. Someone had a bright idea because the big hats belong in that part of the country and are a symbol of the great open spaces of the cattle country "down by the Rio Grande," and elsewhere in the Lone Star State.

The pretty young woman with the sombreros is Miss Dorothy Chase, and she is an attraction that many a male patron of the exposition will remember after he has had his holiday and gone home to ponder the progress of Texas and the dance.

WIDE WORLD

Dorothy Chase, All Equipped for the Sombrero Dance at the Pan-American Exposition, Wearing a Costume That Is as Interesting as and More Novel Than the Fans of Sally Rand.

When Gulliver Cleaned Town

EVERY year thousands of people visit the English town of Beaconsfield to wander through the miniature village of Bekonscot, a complete community built to the scale of one inch to a foot. The fellow in the photograph is busy with the annual cleaning of the tiny buildings that spread over about half an acre of ground.

There are, in the world, similar toy communities, but this one is far and away the most ambitious undertaking of its kind. It has many streets, lined with manor houses, dwellings, shops and public buildings. Some of the streets are paved with miniature cobble stones. A railway station is the terminal for an electric network of tracks over which toy trains run for the amusement of the owner of the undertaking and of his guests.

The village has been growing since it was started several years ago as the hobby of a retired millionaire who wanted something to occupy his mind and his hands. He himself constructed many of the buildings and laid out the plan of the Lilliputian village.

Within the last year or so Bekonscot has added a flying field, a country club and an inn added to it. The flying field is complete with fog beacons and hangars, the country club has a diminutive golf course and the inn yard is filled with toy automobiles, presumably belonging to pigmy guests.

A pond has become a harbor, equipped with docks, at which model passenger liners, freighters and yachts are tied up. Some of the docks have tiny hoisting cranes and railway tracks.

GLOBE

In the Miniature Village of Beaconsfield, Known as Bekonscot, the Young Man Who Has Started Cleaning Up, Appears to Be a Veritable Gulliver in a Lilliput Village.

"Burrograms" In Arizona

THE citizens of Bisbee, Arizona, think they live in the only community in the world where regular "burrogram" service is maintained. When any of them sends, or receives, a telegram—unless they happen to be in the business section of the town and go into telegraph offices in person—the message is carried by a boy riding a burro, as the photograph below shows.

This is no stunt staged by the telegraph companies to attract attention to their services. Bisbee is built on the sides of a canyon rising from a sun-baked valley. The roads are, in places, steep and winding. It would be a job covering them on a bicycle, and the sure-footed burro seems to be ideal for the job.

The stocky, long-eared animals may leave something to be desired in speed, but they trot along at a fair pace and they maneuver the precarious highways with surprising skill. They are stabled near the telegraph offices and are often used at night as well as in the daytime. So far they haven't balked on the job.

If Bisbee were a bigger place with great distances to be covered, it might be that the burros would have to give way to some speedier mode of transportation, but the community is concentrated in a fairly small area and the burros work out all right.

The Telegraph Office Serves the Community of Bisbee, Arizona, but When Messages Come for the Residents, Who Live on the Sides of a Canyon, It's Necessary to Send Them as "Burrograms." The Messenger Is Shown Starting on His Round of Delivery.

Strange Life of the Sister Spinsters in Their Country Castle

HIDDEN deep in the woods at Franklin, Maine, stands a tower-like structure, a magnificent forty-room house, with an enormous stable and many outbuildings. This home and 6,000-acre estate is named "Cuniculus," and is owned and presided over by two spinster sisters in their sixties, Miss Neva Ethel Austin and Miss Altea Ehuea Austin. Theirs indeed is a strange story, the story of a partially consummated dream of a castle not in Spain, but in Maine, envisioned more than half a century ago by Theodore P. Austin, a wealthy New York jeweler.

"Father was very rich," said Miss Neva, "and he wanted a place where he could entertain his many friends. So he put local carpenters and stonemasons to work on his 'Castle in Maine,' as he called it. But inside the castle was never finished. There is still a lot to do."

Austin sent tons of furnishings from New York for what he thought was to be his future home. Today practically every room is crowded with unopened boxes, crates and bundles. There is rare china, almost priceless furniture, paintings by famous masters—all just as they were sent from the metropolis forty-odd years ago.

Then unfortunately for the "Castle in Maine," Austin and his wife both died. They left behind, to carry on, their two daughters. But in all the forty years they have lived in this spacious mansion they have been able to do very little. All the fixtures for an ornate bathroom of tiles and nickel still remain uncrated. So, too, are there gorgeous bedroom suites, cabinets, a massive mantelpiece of teakwood, dozens of plate-glass mirrors, barrels of crockery, statuary, and a miscellaneous hodge-podge of odds and ends that cost a king's ransom. There are many windows of costly colored glass which throw kaleidoscopic tints across the massive stairways.

Asked if they still expected to finish the house, Miss Neva replied: "We hope to, but with our income reduced we are not able to do much."

In the elaborate barn the Austin sisters keep two cows and employ two farm hands to do the work of the place. A strange custom is the two shifts the sisters maintain. Miss Neva patrols the great house almost constantly from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m. She then awakens her sister Altea who takes up the night patrol from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m.

"We do not do this because we are afraid," said Miss Neva, "but we like to keep the place under constant supervision to prevent anything from happening. Then, too, we have as companions twenty lovely cats. That is quite a lot but it is the only way we can keep down the army of rats that otherwise would haunt the house."

The sisters live in one room in the rear of the castle.

Tracing the Origin of "Ain't"

EVERY day thousands of parents tell their youngsters not to say "ain't," a low word that is not to be found in the English dictionary. It is supposed to be a mark of illiteracy, and of bad taste to make use of the word either in conversation or in writing.

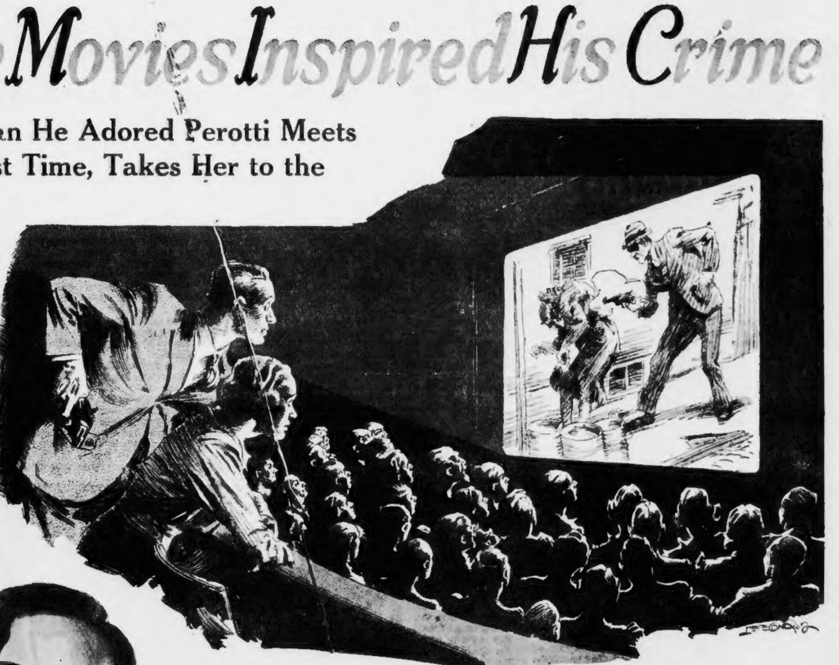
But "ain't" is a word, for all that, and it has an interesting history which has been traced by Prof. Harold H. Bender, of the faculty of Princeton University.

After much research the professor found that "ain't" was first recorded about 1775, when the American colonies were fighting for their independence. In those early days it was a short cut for "are not" and, later, it was also used as a quick way of saying "am not" and "is not."

The word may not be good usage today but, says Prof. Bender, "the abbreviation 'ain't' is not, necessarily, illiterate. Historically, at least, it is often merely colloquial, like 'shan't,' a word to which there is no objection among people who pride themselves on speaking correctly."

Murder in the Movies Inspired His Crime

Discarded by the Married Woman He Adored Perotti Meets His Old Sweetheart for the Last Time, Takes Her to the Theatre and Kills Her Just as the Faithless One in the Film Was Killed



As the Film Went On, Both Perotti and Lili Watched It With Increasing Fascination, for, Incident by Incident, It Was the Story of Their Own Illicit Love—And When, Upon the Screen, the Lover Killed His Faithless Mistress, Perotti Slipped Back Into His Pocket the Pistol Which He Had Brought to Kill Himself. Now He Had a Better Idea!

The Little Neighborhood Motion Picture House Where Perotti and Mrs. Goldreich Saw the Fatal Film.

Mrs. Lili Goldreich, Fashionable Wife of the Well-to-Do Viennese Lawyer, Who Was Shot Dead on the Street by Her Lover Exactly as He Had Seen Another Faithless Woman Killed in a Motion Picture.

VIENNA, May 13

A MIDDLE-AGED man sat with burning eyes gazing for the last time on the young and beautiful woman beside him; but she was looking away, indifferent, irritated and, all the time he fingered a revolver in his pocket. He was thinking of a reproach he ought to utter, but knew he never would, because he loved her so. Suddenly he started with astonishment at a voice, speaking those very words. It said in thunderous tones of denunciation:

"That faithless woman bled this man of everything he had, stripped him of his fortune, his wife and family, his business, his honor. Then when he was just an empty shell, with nothing more to sacrifice, she jilted him."

The man, Domenico Perotti, once wealthy Italian, in his agony of mind, had forgotten that they were sitting in the Elite Moving Picture Theatre of Vienna, and now realized that the voice was coming from the sound film "Fear." The woman beside him was Lili, wife of Dr. Theodore Goldreich, a wealthy and eminent lawyer.

Twice she had ordered him to stop talking, for she was following the picture story with deep interest—but not as deep as was his. From that moment on. They beheld a court scene, with a lawyer telling a jury what some woman had done to some man and, thus far, he had told in Perotti's own unspoken words what Lili had done to him.

But after the jilting what? Would the film go on and relate that the screen woman had a husband and children to whom she returned, with all her plunder of jewels, as his Lili had done?

The voice of the film proceeded to say exactly those things. That film lover had suffered as Perotti had suffered, incident for incident. And now the shadowy lawyer on the screen carried the story right up to the equivalent of the present moment in Perotti's life, their last time together. Breathlessly he leaned forward as the narrative moved on into the future. It had been his past, would it also be his future?

The parting scene was on the street, the faithless screen woman was warning the discarded man, never to annoy her again or she would call the police. The heartbroken, half-mad lover, in whom Perotti saw himself, made a last plea to see her once in a while, for the sake of the love she once had felt for him. Turning a face of loathing on him, the woman answered:

"You poor tramp! I never loved you—only your money."

With a gesture of contempt, the woman on the screen started to walk rapidly away and the man whipped out a shining weapon.

"That's it," Perotti almost sobbed to himself. "Now he will kill himself, as I am going to do."

But, no. Perotti's counterpart did not kill himself, but the woman who had ruined him. The Italian was stunned. He had never thought of killing Lili; he who could not even bring himself to reproach her. Yet, as told in the film, it seemed so reasonable and logical that he should.

The trial on the screen went on. As the lawyer's impassioned defense rose to greater heights of eloquence, Perotti forgot that he was merely pleading for another fiction character, born of coffee and cigarettes in a scenario department. It was he himself, Domenico Perotti, who was the prisoner at the bar and every word said in his behalf seemed true and just. He felt that he was having a preview of his own life, a vision of the future. Finally the jury rose in their seats and said: "Not Guilty!"

Someone nudged Perotti and Lili's annoyed voice said:

"Get up! What are you sitting there for?"

The picture was finished, he was back in the present, and that last, parting moment, just ahead. With a strange feeling as if every step was foreordained, he slowly left the theatre and the two walked some distance along Stubenbastei Street in a silence he dared not break for fear it would start the tragic sequence of events he had just seen in the photoplay. It was the woman who spoke first:

"Domenico, I want you to get this straight, once and forever. You are never to see me again or write to me, telephone or annoy me in any other way. If you do, I shall call the police."

These were almost the words of the woman on the screen. Like an actor on the stage, almost like an automaton without will-power, he found himself "picking up the cue" and repeating the lines of his screen counterpart, begging to see her once in a while for the sake of the love she once had felt for him. To his horror, the same expression of loathing distorted her face, but she only repeated part of the screen woman's line:

"You poor tramp!"

Lili's lips trembled as if about to speak the rest but, instead they curled in a sneer as, with a contemptuous lift of one shoulder, she turned and walked away. Perotti, in his rather-seedy clothes, stood watching the departing figure in the costly fur coat, for which he had paid.

"The ruined and discarded lover now shoots the faithless woman," Perotti said to himself, as a person does who is seeing a picture or play for the second time. He heard an explosion and Lili turned around with a bullet through her right arm. Another explosion and a bullet went through her left breast. The woman screamed, fled a few steps, threw up her arms and collapsed. There were three more shots fired but these did not take effect.

Like others on the street, Perotti stood stupefied a moment, and then some of the passersby went into action. Not till two taxi drivers and an ex-soldier leaped upon him and wrested the gun from his hand, did Domenico realize that he was not also a spectator but the assassin himself. By the time the police arrived Lili was dead and the crowd had so beaten the Italian that he could neither stand nor speak.

The above account of how the moving picture "Fear" caused him to kill the woman and believe that he would be acquitted, is the version Perotti gave the police, after his wounds had been dressed and he had recovered some of his strength in a hospital.

Also much had gone before that visit to the picture theatre. Perotti, until a little more than two years before was a wholesale fruit dealer, born in Salerno, but with his principal business in Rome. Like most Italians, he had married early and raised a large family, eight children, but he also had the means to raise them properly.

The Scene in the Film Which Made Perotti Think He Could Kill His Sweetheart and Escape Justice—But Unlike the Film Hero Who Was Acquitted, Mr. Perotti Seems Likely to Get a Death Sentence.

Domenico Perotti, Who Killed His Mistress After Spending All His Money on Her and Abandoning His Family and Business for Her.

The eldest son was assistant manager of one of Italy's largest banks; the second son, a surgeon, the third, a lawyer, and the others coming along with equivalent advantages. Wrapped up in his business and family, Domenico had neither time nor inclination to dally with other women. Then, in October, 1934, on one of his frequent business trips, he met Lili Goldreich, and one of those unaccountable infatuations occurred, causing him to cast aside the good habits of a lifetime.

It will probably never be known what Lili's behavior had been up to that time, but she was a wealthy beauty ranking high in Vienna society and there had been no scandals about her. At the time she was thirty-two years old, wife of a wealthy, busy lawyer, who trusted her implicitly, provided governesses for their two children, so she had 100% leisure and a handsome allowance, some of which she used in traveling almost as extensively as did Perotti, who was then fifty-four.

The man did not get very far in his love-making at first, until impulsively, he offered Lili a valuable ring which he was bringing home as an anniversary present for his wife. The gift visibly touched the woman, who said:

"Why! I really believe you do love me."

Gifts were proof of love and the key to her heart. After an affair of a few days Perotti had to return to Rome, but the pair kept up a daily exchange of love letters which the two trusting families never suspected. On several occasions the love-smitten Italian spent some weeks in Vienna, where most of his time was devoted to Mrs. Goldreich. If there were any whispers about the way she went about with the foreigner, no word of it reached her husband.

In August, 1935, the Goldreich couple spent three weeks at the Summer resort, Seefeld, in Tyrol. Perotti was also there but Mrs. Goldreich introduced him to the husband as Signor Salvarotti. Goldreich never suspected that right behind his back his wife was carrying on an affair with the Italian. A month later Mrs. Goldreich went to Rome. Of course Perotti was there too. Mrs Goldreich lived at 34 Via Ludovici, while Perotti stayed at his flat, 155 Via Veneto. They met every day during the month which Frau Lili spent in Rome. When at last she returned to Vienna, Perotti accompanied her to the frontier, and the two bade each other an affectionate farewell.

The two met nearly every month during the two years of their love affair, and Perotti neglected his family, but everyone thought it due to the new expansion in his business.

During all this time he was sending the lawyer's wife an average of $300 a week, besides larger sums for jewelry, coats and Paris frocks. In the midst of the affair came Italy's Abyssinian war which interfered with many a romance, but not this one. Domenico went into the food contracting business, furnishing supplies for the army, making more money than ever before, all of which went to the insatiable Lili.

The beginning of the end came some six months ago when the eldest son accidentally came upon some of Lili's love letters which revealed the whole situation. There was a family council, after which its head was offered the choice of breaking with the Austrian woman forever or of leaving the business to his family and getting out. He chose to get out, but was permitted to take with him only a few thousand dollars, because already he had given away everything he had except barely enough capital to run the business.

Free from all family obligations Perotti hastened eagerly to Vienna, expecting to enjoy his beloved's company several times a week for the rest of his life. But after a few weeks he had given her most of what money he had left, was forced to move from the best hotel to a cheap flat, and just then found that Lili had suddenly become a virtuous wife and mother again who must not see him any more.

As his debts piled up, it became harder and harder even to speak to her for a moment. The best he could do was hover like a shabby ghost outside the fashionable restaurants where he saw her dining with her gay friends.

Finally, on that fatal day, he had met her in the street alone and, only on the promise of never trying to see her again, induced the woman to spend a last afternoon with him at the movies.

Dumbfounded was Lili's trusting husband who, at first, was sure his wife could not have received any such huge sums from the Italian. He had noticed several costly-looking pieces of jewelry but she had told him that they were mere cheap trinkets given her by an aunt. An extra fur coat or two she said were bargains she had paid for out of her own allowance, and those closets full of the latest hats and Paris frocks were just old things made over by her dressmaker and milliner.

He had believed her and not given the matter a second thought. When Dr Goldreich's statement was published in the papers, a Viennese columnist commented on it under the head:

"Fatal Ignorance of Learned Men."

He pointed out that it would be hard to find a peasant woman in all Europe, except Russia, so ignorant that anyone could have made her believe that the latest styles from Paris were only old duds, made over. Yet here was one of the country's most learned citizens, with the title of doctor, who did not know the difference. He suggested that a course in the cost of feminine clothing and jewelry be compulsory in all boys' schools.

Nobody, even Perotti's counsel, hopes for an acquittal. But how light or severe the punishment will depend on how close that lawyer approaches to the eloquence of the lawyer in the picture.

Mystery Of The Strange Beast Of Neosho County

THE mystery of the strange beast that haunted Neosho County, in southeastern Kansas, making the nights creepy with its terrifying screams, frightening hunters, sending vicious hounds into speedy retreat, and scaring most of the residents of the sparsely populated region half to death, has been solved. But it wasn't solved until posses of brave men had been formed to drive the beast to its lair. And it wasn't solved until dozens of the residents of the county had told strange tales of the savage creature which roamed around in the night, shrieking and prowling.

Nearly two months ago the animal made its first appearance and in less than two days Kansas men went about their daily chores, armed with rifles for protection, just as their forefathers had gone about, armed for protection from marauding Indians. And the hardware merchants did a large business in rifles, revolvers and ammunition.

One of the first to report seeing the animal was Fred Clagg, a Kansas raccoon-hunter, whose dogs treed the beast. Thinking they had trapped a 'coon, Clagg turned his flashlight into the branches but he could see little but the glaring eyes of an animal that appeared crouched, about to spring at its attackers. At the same moment, the quiet countryside was shattered by a blast of sound, the mixture of the roar of an African lion and the shriek of a wounded cougar, but louder than a half-dozen of these beasts combined.

Clagg was so startled he dropped the light, and then he felt a form brush by him. He was about to fire blindly when he realized it was one of his hounds, who was leaving that place hurriedly. Clagg decided the dog had a good idea, and left himself.

"It was a retreat," he declared. "I don't know just how far I ran, but I know it took a long time for the dogs to catch up with me."

George Meislohn and George Womeldorff, St. Paul hunters, declared the beast had killed one of their dogs. They were hunting, they said, and one prize hound got far in advance of the rest of the pack. They heard him bay, as though he had treed some beast, and then they heard the terrible shriek of the unknown animal, followed by the frantic screams of the hound. When they arrived at the spot, the dog was dead, and the animal had disappeared.

During the first ten days of its appearance, the creature confined its prowling to a ten-mile radius, but after that it roamed through the entire district. Mrs. Ray Smith, of Shaw, Kansas, reported having seen it in her yard. She notified hunters that the beast was slinking toward a hen-coop, but before the men could reach the scene, heavily armed for the battle, the animal had disappeared.

Kansas newspapers heard stories of the animal, and stories of all kinds went around about it. Newspaper reporters outlined maps showing how a timber-wolf, long unknown in that region, might have followed the trail of small game, particularly jack-rabbits, which abound in the county, into that section. Some people believed that the drought or the floods might have driven the animal from its usual haunts, and that it had found happy hunting in Neosho County and had taken up its new stamping ground. Others believed it might be a lion, or leopard, or panther, or perhaps even a bear that had escaped from some circus and by some means made its way into Neosho County.

Clagg Had Felt the Beast Brush Against Him. Then His Dog Bolted Away. Clagg Thought the Dog's Idea Excellent, and Retreated So Rapidly Himself That He Passed the Dog.

Everyone was certain of one thing. Whatever the beast, it had no business there and posse after posse scoured the countryside seeking its den. Its deep screaming could be heard for miles along the Neosho River bottoms.

Leaders of community organizations in the county got together and decided the mysterious creature must be tracked down and killed for the safety of livestock and the peace of mind of the county's residents. Steps were taken looking toward the organization of a posse that would compose nearly every able-bodied man in the county, and which would go over the county foot by foot until the animal was discovered.

The newspaper stories did what nothing else had been able to accomplish. They revealed the nature of the creature which for more than a month had terrorized the county.

An unidentified resident of the district, who took good care to see that his identity would remain unknown, revealed that the mysterious monster of Neosho County was nothing more or less than an old-fashioned "bull-roarer," the kind of a toy that boys loved around the turn of the century—a string, coated with resin, which is drawn through a small hole in the bottom of a barrel and produces a weird, paralyzing cry that is like nothing human, and like nothing bestial ever discovered. Small boys in the 1890's used to use bull-roarers on Hallowe'en, or to frighten buggy-riding sweethearts on dark roads. And the Neosho County resident had remembered back to his kid-days when he decided to play a practical joke on the entire county. He recounted gleefully the retreat of hunter Clagg and his dogs, and other routed huntsmen, but said that when he saw the whole county was about to arm itself and set out in search of the "mystery monster" he decided it was time to call an end to that joke, and reveal what had actually happened before someone was accidentally shot, or before some cow was slain in the mistaken belief that it was the beast.

There was considerable irritation in the county when the true story came out, and a bit of moaning on the part of the hardware dealers who had counted on becoming wealthy if only the beast stayed around long enough, but the relief was so great that Neosho County men decided to lay down their arms and admit they had been taken for a joy-ride by a practical joker.

Bigamous Hero Unmasked At Trial As Professional Rogue

PRETTY, dark-haired Maria Rosita Rivero Christien, her dark eyes flashing, appeared in a British court the other day to defend her new "husband," John Ainsworth Christien, from a charge of bigamy. The tall, good-looking man should be acclaimed as a hero, she declared, instead of being dragged into a criminal court.

Then she told a story that has often been written by fiction writers but seldom has happened in real life. She knew John Ainsworth Christien was already married when he went through a marriage ceremony with her in war-torn Spain. But Christien had married her only to save her life, she told an astonished court. Threatened by a firing squad, she had appealed to Christien, whom she had known several years before, to save her. Her only crime, she said, was that she was not a Communist, but that was sufficient to draw a death sentence in Barcelona.

Christien could save her only by marrying her, she continued, and giving her the protection of his British citizenship. So, she said, she married him, knowing he was already married, to save her life.

"I am alive in England today," she declared, "because this man married me, instead of being one of the unidentified dead hastily buried in a common grave in Barcelona."

Maria Faced the Spanish Court, Knowing That a Firing Squad Would Settle Her Fate, When the Englishman Came Forward and Agreed to Marry Her and Save Her Life.

It was a plea that should have softened any judge. Christien might well have been dismissed from the court, with honors. But unfortunately for the chivalrous Englishman, a court official had checked up on his record before the trial had started.

And instead of being acclaimed a hero, and a credit to British manhood, Christien was sentenced to twenty months at hard labor, for the record showed that John Ainsworth Christien, under various names, had been "married" at least six times during his life, and only two of the marriages were legal. He had spent a good share of his time since the World War in jails or prisons.

The English Lothario enlisted in the British Army during 1914, but deserted a short time later. It was discovered, however, that he had joined another regiment, and no charges were pressed against him. In 1917, he deserted again, but returned of his own accord, and escaped prosecution. In June, 1918, Christien began his marrying career by wedding a war nurse, legally, under his present name. Less than three months later he deserted both his bride and the army, and in less than three months after that he was sentenced to a year at hard labor for forgery and desertion. Released after his sentence and returned to the army, Christien deserted again the following year, was captured and sentenced to another year's imprisonment.

He had barely gotten out, when he was back in prison again, for another year, for fraudulently obtaining food.

In 1921, under a different name, Christien rejoined the army he had deserted so often and after a short taste of army life, decided the drills and discipline were still not to his liking and skipped out again. This time he escaped capture, and his next public appearance was in 1923 when he bigamously married another woman. This time he chose the fanciest name of his career to place on the marriage registry—John Nigel Scott de Winton Ainsworth.

This marriage lasted a short time and again Christien skipped out on his "wife." In 1925, he conducted another young woman to what she thought was a registry office and there in the presence of the "registry clerk," and two "witnesses," he was married again. But when charges of bigamy were brought against him in connection with this marriage it was testified that there was no record of the "marriage" at the registry office, and that Christien had simply hired three accomplices, gone to a downtown office building, and tricked his then current sweetheart into a fake marriage. However, during his questioning the story of his bigamous marriage in 1923 was revealed and the army and wife deserter was sentenced to a year and a half in prison for bigamy.

Meanwhile, the war nurse he had married back in 1918 apparently became fed up with being Mrs. Christien, and filed suit for divorce, setting Christien legally free so far as his marital status was concerned. By the time he got out it was 1930 and, apparently feeling that his luck had been bad in England, he journeyed to Scotland. But it was a bad guess because in the same year a Scotch judge sentenced him to spend another year and a half in prison for fraud.

A few months after he got out of prison, he was married again, legally this time, to Yvonne Wilson, under the name of John Barry Elliott. But an old criminal charge still held over him, and Christien decided he had better get out of the country before it caught up with him, so in the same year he sailed with his newest wife for South America where he had a job. On the way the couple stopped at the home of Maria Rosita Rivero, whose parents were acquainted with friends of Christien. The newly married couple stayed in Spain with the Rivero family for ten days and it was then that Maria Rosita met the man who was, a few years later, to "rescue" her from the savagery of the Spanish Communists.

In South America, Elliott, as he was known, left his bride in Buenos Aires while he took a job far up in the jungles. Apparently, however, his past followed him, because, while working at his jungle job, he received a letter from his wife saying that while she could hardly believe what she had heard, she would be on her way to England by the time he got the letter.

Christien tossed up his job in South America, and returned to England in search of his wife, but she would have nothing more to do with him, and once again he landed in jail, on the old charge of fraud, and spent another year and a half in jail.

Shortly after his release, it was testified, he disappeared with another pretty woman, who had saved up $500. Apparently Christien didn't marry this girl, for she returned to her home a short time later. But Christien didn't return with her, nor did the $500.

Meanwhile, the wife who had left him in South America filed suit for divorce, and Christien settled down in a regular job. But before he could get very far in his work, and before his second legal wife could get her divorce, he received a letter from Maria Rosita, in Barcelona, telling him that the plight of her family was desperate. Her father was not a member of either the Communist or Anarchist parties, and the motto in Spain was that anyone who was not a friend was an enemy. There were no such things as neutrals. Maria Rosita's father's business was confiscated. Her brother disappeared, undoubtedly killed in the outburst of savagery.

Maria Rosita wrote that she had obtained a passport to take her and her mother out of the country, but that the Communists would not permit them to board a boat.

Christien, the girl said, resigned his position, and sailed for Spain. Once in Barcelona he hastily "married" the Spanish girl, and, with his British passport as a shield, brought her and her mother to England. During his trial Christien declared he was in love with the girl and wanted to marry her legally as soon as his wife had secured a divorce. He claimed that no harm had been done by the bigamous marriage as it was simply a matter of expediency—a means taken to solve an emergency.

But the London court decided that Christien's record of fraud, marriage, bigamy and trickery was such that even the most gallant of his actions were open to suspicion so Maria Rosita, who says she loves him for his chivalry, will have to wait for 20 months to marry her hero.

Can't Drink Beer, So He Sued Owner Of Cafe

ONE of the interesting things about saloons before Prohibition was the element of chance. One never knew what might be found in the beer, although the chances were fair that it might only be a dead fly. This unfortunate insect would be blown aside and then one would quaff most of the beer, keeping a weather eye open to see that the fly would not be swallowed. Then the bar waiter would be called over and indignantly one would point to the fly in the amber fluid.

He would then bring a free drink, the invariable bribe for whatever hurt feelings one might have. In that way two glasses of beer could be had for the price of one. Now, however, Carl DeHart has asked the price of not one extra beer, but ten thousand of them. He is seeking damages from a Cincinnati cafe owner as well as the brewing company for being served beer which he alleges had bugs in it.

Prohibition years may have made DeHart's taste for beer a little rusty on the hinges, for the first shock it met was fatal. Whatever the mechanism of it was, the bugs were just too much for DeHart, and he suddenly found out that he couldn't drink beer any more.

He didn't even know that this was happening at the time. His suit states that on July 15 of last year his wife bought a jug of beer at the cafe and brought it home for the company they were entertaining that day. The beer was poured, and as the host lifted his glass to make a toast, he was amazed to see a bug splashing around.

Looking closer, it is alleged, he found other bugs, some active, others sleepy, and others for whom the intoxicating fluids had proved to be too much. But all of them were very much there. This experience, according to the petition which is being placed before the Cincinnati Common Pleas Court, nauseated DeHart, so that he became ill.

But the worst was not yet. A few days later, after DeHart began to think he could look a glass of beer in the mouth again, he made a bee-line for a beer, only to feel the same terrible nausea overwhelm him as soon as the glass was set before him.

After DeHart got out of the place and was able to breathe easily again, he began to realize what a strange thing had happened to him. The bugs had made him allergic to beer, and he was fated never to enjoy a cool draught of the foaming delight again. The worst of it was that these terrible sensations did not come after the intake but before.

Many a beer-guzzler goes "bugs" after too many drinks and begins to see pink elephants on the wall; but at least he has had the pleasure of paying for the pain. For DeHart there was nothing, just a lifetime of beerless days stretching ahead of him.

The question which the courts now have to decide is, what is the value of a person's taste for beer? Can it even be put into terms of money, this relief and solace which the "hops-and-malt" can bring to a tired mortal? DeHart's petition seeks $1,000 to repay him for his loss of thirst for beer. If he wins, he will have the price of 10,000 glasses of beer he can't drink. If he loses, perhaps it will be the best thing that can happen to him. It may make him so dejected that he will go back to beer, a cured man.

Ghost Named By Bride In Her Divorce Suit

SUPPOSE there actually were ghosts, and a man fell in love with one, a pretty one, of course, but one that he could see right through and couldn't hold in his arms, would the flesh-and-blood wife of that fickle man be justified in suing him for divorce and naming the spook as corespondent? And would a judge see in the man's occult infatuation enough to impel him to grant a divorce to the wife?

It seems incredible that any such set of circumstances could arise, but that's exactly what happened not long ago in France, ghost and all.

The incident expands French legal history somewhat, adding a new sort of triangle, and for the first time a ghost has been named as a beautiful interloper. What's more, the unhappy young bride of a British young man, who has confessed to his love for the spook, has won a divorce.

In a trial that resembled a story by O. Henry or Poe, pretty Madelon Rich, the young bride of Leonard Rich, a wealthy young Englishman, told a judge that her husband was infatuated with the ghost of a beautiful young girl who had been dead for four hundred years.

Immediately after their marriage, Madelon and her husband had rented an ancient chateau on the Loire for their honeymoon. Great gardens surrounded the huge old stone buildings of the place. For a time the couple were supremely happy, wandering through their gardens, riding in the woods, and watching the moonlight on the Loire.

They had heard vague tales that the place was haunted and prompted by curiosity they questioned an old caretaker who had spent all his life in the service of the family who owned the chateau. The little man, wrinkled and gnarled with age, wasn't at all vague. There was a ghost, he assured them, a beautiful ghost of a young woman who had come to the place as a bride, just as Madelon Rich had come—but four hundred years before.

After the custom of the time, she had been married off by her parents to an elderly and choleric nobleman who occupied the chateau, and who was a powerful figure in the countryside. But the little bride had already fallen in love with a young and penniless courtier who had visited the home of her parents, and when she entered the chateau as its new mistress, wife of a man she didn't love, a man old enough to be her father, she sent a message to her sweetheart, asking that he rescue her. She begged him to elope with her to some place where neither was known and where they could live in happiness.

But the message she sent fell into the hands of her husband, who, with cruel cunning, sent it on to the young courtier after he had read it, and arranged to trap his wife and her lover.

The Young Husband Seemed Fascinated by the Alluring Apparition and Confessed Afterward That He Was in Love With the Ghost. He Would Meet the Spectre Every Night.

True to his sweetheart, the youth arrived at the chateau after nightfall, and, unwittingly under the eyes of trusted servants of the older man, sneaked into the darkened castle, determined to carry his sweetheart away from the place that night.

Following her instructions, he found her bedroom, and creeping softly inside, he awakened the young bride. Hardly had he clasped her in his arms when her husband and a half dozen servants entered the room. The youth fought gallantly for his and his sweetheart's freedom, but was killed.

The elderly husband, mad with rage, accused his wife of having lured the young man to his death. He accused her of being a Circe whose only thought was illicit love, whose only desire was to attract men. And then, in his rage, he strangled the girl and buried her body in a dungeon beneath the chateau.

Ever since, the servant said, her ghost has wandered through the cold halls of the chateau, apparently seeking in death to live up to the reputation given her in life by her maddened husband. The beautiful ghost has wandered through the halls for four centuries, the servant said, seeking to lure its male inhabitants to destruction.

Rich and his bride, very much alive, laughed at the strange ghost story, but Madelon, in court, declared that less than a week later, her husband saw the beautiful ghost. He was frightened, at first, she said, but later seemed fascinated by the apparition. He grew cold toward his bride. He spent his nights roaming through the cavernous halls, in the hope that his spirit sweetheart would appear. Finally, it was testified, he told his wife he loved only the ghost—that there was nothing else in the world, dead or alive, that he could care for. The bride, fearing her young husband had gone insane, called in doctors and friends to reason with him, but to no avail. Rich was, he said, in love with the ghost.

He spent his days in bed sleeping, so he could spend his nights in the spectral arms of his long dead loved one. Finally he refused even to speak to his bride, and told her she would have to leave the chateau, as the ghost was jealous.

When the story was told in court a French judge promptly granted Madelon a divorce. It made no difference, he said, whether the young man was actually in love with a ghost, or whether he was obsessed, it could be nothing but cruelty for him to boast of his strange love and order his own bride from her home to allay the spirit sweetheart's jealousy.

"The infatuation for this phantom," the judge declared, "has the same effect that would occur if he was infatuated with a flesh and blood woman, and has just as much power to make his wife unhappy. It would be cruelty not to free her from this strange husband, and his spectre."

To Find Out Whether We Got Our Manners From Monkeys

Scientists From Several Universities to Study the Family Life of the Queer, Shy Gibbons in Their Native Jungles for New Light Upon Human Morals and Customs

Painting by the German Scientific Artist Gabriel Max, Picturing the Family Life of Earliest Man When He Was Little Higher in the Scale of Intelligence Than the Gibbon.

A Gibbon From Borneo, With Enormously Elongated Arms.

He Swings Through the Trees With the Greatest of Ease, Like That Dashing Young Man on the Flying Trapeze—A Photographic Study of a Gibbon in His Native Jungle Where the University Scientists Will Make Their Camp.

Photograph of a Gibbon in a Thoughtful Mood—And Scientists Now Are Inclined to Think That This Ape Was the Closest Anthropoid Relative to Man's Pre-Human Ancestor

The Gibbon Is Easily Domesticated and Makes an Affectionate Pet, as This Photograph of a Pretty Girl With a Big Ape on Her Shoulders Indicates.

ON a strong suspicion that the gibbon, an insignificant-looking little ape, is second cousin to the "missing link," Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Bard College and other institutions have formed an expedition of ape experts to study the furtive creature's personal habits at its home in the jungles of Siam.

If the suspicion proves correct, humanity's nearest living relative is not the mighty gorilla nor the less powerful, clever chimpanzee but a long-armed, spidery little creature that stands only three feet high and weighs only twelve pounds. Yet mankind's face need not be very red on that account. The gibbon belongs to the "royal family" of primates, headed by man himself, and it is quite likely that the common ancestor of both man and gibbon was the smartest thing in the world at that time.

Assuming that gibbon and man sprang from the same stock, then the pre-human and pre-gibbon creature would be the missing link. Presumably that animal was larger than the present gibbon and not so large as an average man when competition in the tree-tops had become so keen that some of the tree-dwellers had to either find a new way of making a living or die out.

One branch of the family came down and, like the gorilla, turned more and more to grubbing around on the ground. Finally it abandoned the trees entirely and became a man. The other branch remained in the trees and became a greater success, as apes go. To become that he had to be a specialist in trapeze work, which involved extreme lightness, and an amazing pair of long, powerful arms.

The gibbon's scientific name is "Hylobates" which means "Tree-walker" and he is the most two-legged of the apes, with a pelvis best adapted for the upright posture of all the primates except man. The gibbon has no external tail and he has a flat face with a startlingly human nose.

Though this little fellow is the best hind-leg walker in the anthropoid outfit except man, he seems to need it least of all. The gibbon is the world's champion aerialist, thinking nothing of hurling himself across forty-foot gaps between trees and making a one-handed catch of a pigeon on the way. This forces the little ape projectile to make a landing in the second tree, with one hand full of struggling bird.

In the animal kingdom, it is the success who remains where he is and the failure who gets crowded out to go pioneering for a living elsewhere. The presumption is that the pre-human and pre-gibbon branch that stayed in the trees and made such a success of that career, were the smarter ones and literally and figuratively looked down on their brothers and sisters who gave up and wandered away.

The life span of the animal is not known, but it is evidently surprisingly long for so small an ape because one white-haired gibbon has already lived over thirty years in the Philadelphia Zoo, indicating a longevity perhaps not far from that of man. Everyone who sees a gibbon is struck by its weirdly human face but such small size and grotesquely long arms make the average observer feel that there can be no relationship.

It must be remembered, however, that evolution probably was working feverishly on both branches of that pre-gibbon family. While it was shrinking the gibbon to make him fitted to tree trapeze work evolution was as frantically increasing the size of what might be called the ground gibbon. One may ask how it is known that the direct ancestor of man had any such sudden spurt in growth.

Man carries the evidence of it around in the inside of his spine, that long, bony pipe which is the housing for the nerve cable known as the spinal cord. In a baby the cord fills the pipe from end to end as it naturally would but as the child grows, the spine outgrows the cord until at maturity the cord extends only about two-thirds of the way down the spine. Nerves that enter the spine below that point have to climb up the inside of the pipe until they reach the lower end of the cord, a most peculiar piece of emergency, makeshift construction.

And it indicates an emergency rush job in what evolutionists would call the recent past, perhaps not more than a hundred million years ago. This is because the growth in a human or any other infant, from its conception, is a recapitulation of the creature's ancestral development. One of man's very last animal forebears, perhaps an early edition of man himself, had to get suddenly tall, at any cost.

Supposing the scientists finally prove that this very serious, worried-looking little furry acrobat is our nearest animal kin, what good in the way of practical dollars and cents benefit will come of it to the unscientific man in the street? To some it would seem like going to great expense to prove relationship to a pauper relative who has nothing to give us but the fleas on his back. If the gibbon proves to be the key animal in human evolution, it has some rich gifts for us in the form of precious information.

Mr. and Mrs. Gibbon have an important message for legislators and churchmen on divorce and probably on many forms of crime. The gibbon is understood to be monogamous, as is most of the human race. But one of the most important things the ape experts want to determine is whether, in his natural environment, he sticks to one wife all his life like the wild goose, or gets divorced every year like the fickle camel or every few years, like the lion.

If the divorce evil is a pre-human bad habit some 90,000,000 years old it can hardly be legislated or preached out of existence, because it is "the nature of the beast" and can only be regulated. One branch of the expedition will do little but spy on the life of the gibbon, and it will certainly be a difficult piece of detective work for they are as exclusive as they are elusive and to chase them is as hopeless as for a man to swim after a trout. Gibbons are gregarious animals, moving through the trees often in large numbers, jabbering and gesticulating as if important questions of policy were being argued.

It will be the business of the scientists to discover how much of this is just chattering, like that of a convention of crows or blue jays, and how much and what any of the gestures and cries really mean. When these have been interpreted, they should be able to make some headway toward understanding public sentiment among the gibbons, what acts bring public approval and which public condemnation. Much of this work will, no doubt, have to be done with powerful spy glasses. However, there is hope of winning the confidence of the timid creatures and perhaps getting into close contact with them through the curiosity strong in all primates from man down.

Baboons have a sort of loose tribal organization in which troops travel through the trees coming down to raid African plantations, under the leadership, usually, of an elderly male, whom the natives long ago named the "old man." The elusive gibbon also travels in bands but it is not known to what degree he is used to being bossed or if he is an anarchist, at heart. If there is a strong gibbon organization, there probably are outlaws and criminals. It will be important to know what sort of crimes are common and how they are punished.

The gorilla, in his natural state, exhibits a strong property sense but it is mostly in regard to real estate. He understands that a certain area is his and his family's to roam in exclusively. Except under most unusual circumstances, he will not poach on the lands of neighboring gorillas and if one of them trespasses, he will beat his barrel-shaped breast and roar threats of something worse than any lawsuit.

But the gorilla seems to have almost no sense of patriotism, declining to join his neighbors in an army to repel the invasion of a common enemy. He is the ruggedest of all individualists. As the male gorilla grows old he becomes irritable, an old grouch, and finally abandons his wife and children to spend his declining years foraging for himself. The elderly female, after the last of her children has left to found a new family, is said also to revert to bachelorhood.

What is the family life of the gibbon, out of captivity? Being a social animal, millions of years ago he must have made some solution of how to keep the other fellow from stealing his wife. This brings up the important matter of the animal equivalent of love. Nearly all observers have noted that mother love is exceedingly prominent in the various ape species, and no doubt among the gibbons. Romantic love, however, seems to have been an invention exclusively man's.

Among all other members of the animal kingdom it seems to be sudden impulses of passion, with only platonic friendship and sometimes not even that between times. But it must be said for the apes that so far as known they do not seem to use violence. Female apes of such species as have been adequately studied, seem never to have been mistreated. This, however, may not be true of the gibbon. If it is found that gibbon and man are the only exceptions in the world of primates, it will be still further evidence of relationship and give lawmakers something to think about.

The branch of the expedition that goes to Siam will be headed by Dr. C. R. Carpenter, lecturer in psychology at Bard College. Dr. Carpenter has already done remarkable work in studying Central American primates. In trying to get to the bottom of human psychology, he has felt the constant need of getting at the prehistoric animal foundation on which it was built. Since these are animals dead so long that one is lucky even to find as much as one of their teeth, the next best thing is to study the ape that seems closest to that pre-human ancestor.

Other branches of the expedition will study chimpanzees, orang-utans and proboscis monkeys in Borneo and Sumatra. Anything that can be learned about any of the primates, in proving or disproving that the gibbon is man's nearest and the closest living approach to the missing link, will be studied by the scientists.

The general head of the expedition is Harold J. Coolidge, Jr., assistant curator of mammals at Harvard, who has made many studies of anthropoid apes. The field party includes Dr. Adolph H. Schultz, associate professor of physical anthropology at Johns Hopkins University; Sherwood L. Washburn, Harvard graduate student specializing in primate study; J. A. Griswold, Jr., research assistant at Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology; Andrew Wylie, of Washington, D. C., special assistant for the collecting of large mammals, and John T. Coolidge, Jr., of Milton, Mass., artist and photographer.

Dr. Schultz is regarded by many experts as the outstanding authority of the world on physical evolution, while Dr. Carpenter's recent reports and findings following a study of the social life of monkeys in Central America rank him high among experts in the field of social evolution.

If anyone imagines that the gibbon is not a bright specimen well up with any of the other apes, Mr. Coolidge advises him to see what a splendid actor "Bambino" proved to be in the moving picture "Chang."

Mr. Coolidge says that the gibbon's sense of timing is perfect. A gibbon pet in Indo-China was permitted to juggle as many precious china plates and cups in the air as he pleased, because he never dropped one. Nor has he dropped his ancient matrimonial habits. Prof. Edward Westermarck, of the University of London, the world's greatest authority on marriage, has always believed that the marriage customs of mankind are an inheritance from some pre-human ancestor.

In the search for new evidence to support the theory of evolution, the gibbon is regarded as the "key ape." His remote ancestor is thought to have been the first to branch off from the family tree of the primates, being followed later by the gorillas, chimpanzees, orang-utans, various monkeys, the earliest pre-human cave-dwellers, and finally by the first true men themselves. For this reason it is argued that the present-day gibbons, being descended from the first branch of the family that struck out for itself, are perhaps more like the original stock than any other primates, and in many of their habits and customs are perhaps still fundamentally the same as the missing link.

So it is believed that anything that can be learned about the gibbons may give man a better understanding of himself, and perhaps some of the perplexing problems he doesn't seem to be making much headway toward solving.

It might be interesting to see just how deepseated are some of the instincts which continually lead men into errors, and which are sometimes excused on the grounds that they are "human nature," and therefore cannot be changed. Do they go further back than that, and are they, after all, "gibbon nature," or even "pre-gibbon nature"? For instance, it might be possible to tell just how much hope there is for improvement in man's imperfect political systems when it is known whether or not the gibbons pick for their leaders those who are wisest or merely those who make the loudest noise.

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I have you to thank for my
lovely new Palmolive complexion
P.S. And my nice
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JIM RAVES ABOUT MY COMPLEXION NOW . . . YET NOT LONG AGO IT WAS DRY, LIFELESS . . . COARSE-LOOKING!

"I was keen about Jim, the first time I met him. But he was so indifferent, it nearly broke my heart. Still, I couldn't really blame him. For no man could be attracted to a girl with my complexion. It was so dry, lifeless, and coarse-looking. Young as I am, I really had 'Middle-Age' Skin!"

"Then, lucky for me, I came across an advertisement which said that the Dionne Quintuplets used only Palmolive Soap. The ad explained that Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive, the soap made with Olive Oil, because no other soap was soothing enough for the Quins' tender skin."

WHY DR. DAFOE SAID "ONLY PALMOLIVE FOR THE QUINS"

The Quins were born prematurely, with such extremely sensitive skin that they have always required very special care. Here is Dr. Dafoe's own statement describing the care he prescribed for them:

"At the time of the birth of the Dionne Quintuplets, and for some time afterward, they were bathed with Olive Oil. When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we chose Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily use in bathing these famous babies."

Allan Roy Dafoe

"Dr. Dafoe's statement was a beauty lesson for me. For if Palmolive is safest for the Quins, because it is made with Olive Oil, I decided it must be best for my complexion, too. So I started to use only Palmolive, and here I am, just a short time later, with a perfectly lovely complexion and a nice new husband!"

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Palmolive, the pure beauty soap made with Olive and Palm oils, was chosen by Dr. Dafoe for exclusive use on the tender skin of the little Dionne Quintuplets. Why not start today to let Palmolive's gentle, *different* lather help make *your* complexion lovelier?

TO KEEP YOUR COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS

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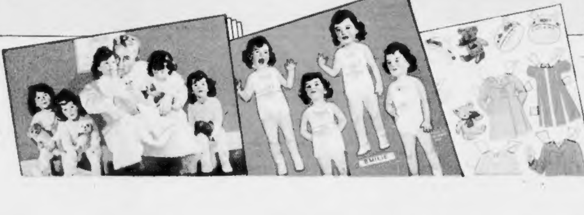
DIONNE QUINS CUT-OUT BOOK FOR CHILDREN!



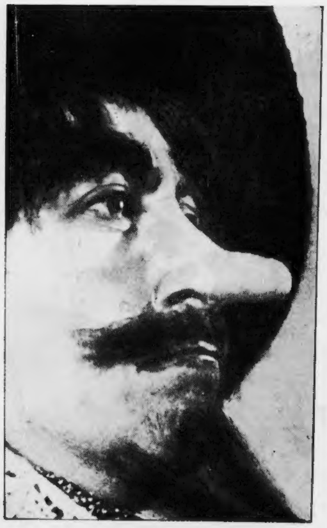
HERE'S HOW TO GET THE CUT-OUT BOOK!

Just send 3 Palmolive Soap bands to Palmolive, Dept. N-137, Jersey City, New Jersey.

Book contains cut-outs of all five Quins . . . 3 complete sets dresses, 2 sets coats and hats . . . sleeping suits, shoes, dolls, toys . . . 63 cut-outs in all. Beautiful reproduction of Loomis painting of the Quins on front cover . . . ideal for framing. (Offer expires July 15, 1937.)

The Science of Make-Up

Prof. Liszt, Expert in Disguises, Explains His Ingenious New Technique of Changing the Face and Features, Hair and Hands, Beyond the Possibility of Recognition



Dr. Liszt as Cyrano.

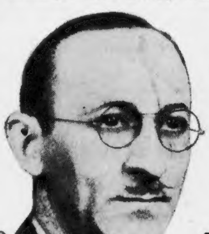
THE make-up of actors on the stage is often so badly done that the illusion is lost. Some actors "look the part," but others with amateurish or careless make-up are unconvincing to the audience in their roles of buccaneer, banker, clergyman or playboy, and actresses are quite likely in their make-up to poorly portray their role on the stage, or on the screen.

Dr. Rudolph G. Liszt has made an anatomical study of the art of make-up and with a new technique has produced methods of altering the features so that the appearance of the individual is so startlingly different that there is no resemblance to the original.

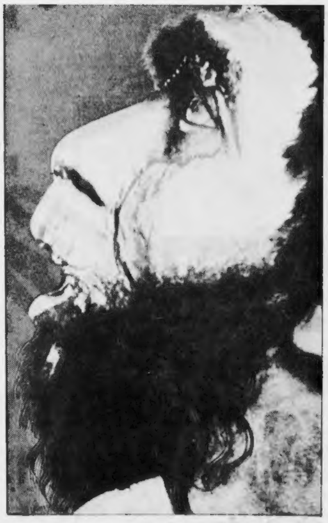
Sometimes it takes three hours to build up the character and this must be done in such manner that the work will stand heat and perspiration and not destroy the illusion of reality. Professor Liszt begins with a study of the bones of the face and hands and then builds on this foundation as Nature does.

He explains why the make-up of stage and screen professionals is often faulty and unconvincing.

On this page today are shown some of Dr. Liszt's character make-ups and in each case the face of the subject he worked upon is shown alongside one of the characters he transformed the face into.



Dr. Rudolph G. Liszt as He Really Looks.



Dr. Liszt as a Prehistoric Man.

By PROF. RUDOLPH G. LISZT.

I HAVE been an actor, I paint and draw in all mediums, am something of a sculptor, I am widely traveled, and have made an exhaustive study of characters from all over the globe. I speak various languages. I am a college graduate and have taught Orthopedic Surgery. All these things are useful to me in the work of scientific make-up. Let me give the reader some examples.

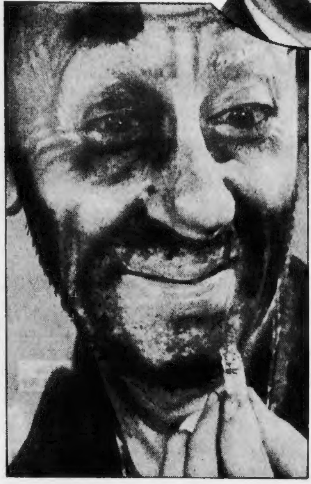
Take the case of Miss Robinson shown on this page. The task that confronted me, was that of changing a pleasant face into the semblance of a repulsive old Witch, capable of arousing the emotions of terror in the mind of the beholder. Starting out, I used a plastic substance that can be kneaded by the fingers into any desirable shape and will take grease paint like the skin itself. I shaped the nose over hers according to the tradition of the Witch, being sure to conform it to the skeletal structure of the character. Next in prominence in this make-up, is the chin. This requires more sculpture to get the required shape. Both were put on in their proper places and the edges where they met the face were absolutely dissolved by careful blending into the skin.

Manipulating the plastic material with the fingers followed, without of course changing the basic design in any way, until the junction between the natural skin and the plastic was not visible to the naked eye. The proper colored grease paint was then applied over all. The mouth was then drawn down to simulate the absence of teeth and the sagging muscles and the eyes were delineated to portray the pouches and crow's feet and wrinkles that come with age. Even the neck was thus treated.

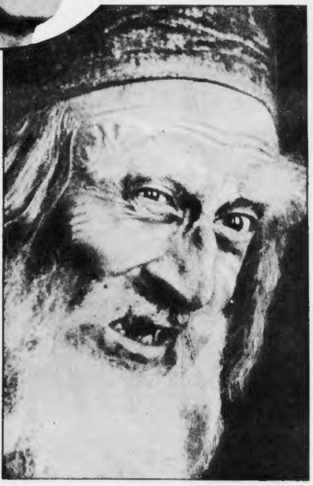
I am, as I have said, a sculptor, an anatomist, an artist, knowing how to paint and draw. This is most essential, as I make a living picture of the things I work on. My results are, to the eye, as convincing as those obtained by the sculptor or by the painter with the exception, that my canvas is the living flesh of the person to be made up and not lifeless clay or smoothly prepared canvas. Thus I introduce a new technique.

It is this new technique that establishes the work of the Make-Up Artist as a distinct new art. I look through the skin to the skeleton and upon that foundation I make the necessary corrections and additions, on the normal face of the subject to achieve the desired results. Then I drape the skin with the folds which form wrinkles. This is done in browns and reds. The shadows are also achieved in various degrees of the same colors to form hollows and depressions as needed in the face. Approximating these are the highlights done in yellows and whites. In the case of the witch, I had the subject frown and scowl in order to ascertain where the lines would appear, and she was aged with these same lines exaggerated and reproduced as time, the greatest of all make-up artists, will eventually design them. The eyes were made to look slanting by lining and adding false eyebrows in an overhanging position. Hair and necessary details were added, and there was my Witch.

It is not true that only certain faces can be made up to represent a given type of character. Buccaneers, Shylock, Mephistopheles, for example, can be created by my own highly specialized technical manipulation of lights and shadows and prosthetics, upon practically any kind of a face providing of course, that the face has the basic requirements needed to work upon. In duplicating well known characters, I do not resort to selected types. I transform the countenance into the desired personality.



Dr. Liszt as a Tramp.



Dr. Liszt as Shakespeare's "Shylock."

Nature is my designing expert, and from nature, by means of my knowledge of anatomy, physiognomy, and associated sciences, I make my own creations.

The tendency in Hollywood, is to turn people into puppet-like repetitions of each other. All eyebrows and lips are generally standard in shape in their application by the make-up man, omitting individuality.

Each motion picture star is a distinct personality, and then along comes the make-up man and gives them a set of stock designs, does a paint job on them, so to speak, and back they come on the screen, like so many machine reproductions of the same model. Every make-up should be an individual attempt to bring out what is hidden beneath the surface of that person. A character is only as good as its make-up. It is to this basic stream of reality that I go for my inspiration. It is by bringing it to the surface, by means of my face sculpture, through the medium of grease paint and prosthetics, false hair and other materials necessary in the art of make-up, that I create illusion that has the conviction of reality, because it is reality.

It takes from three quarters of an hour to three hours to build a character make-up. The difference in time is of course dependent upon the amount of the natural characteristics involved. It must be done in such a fashion as to withstand heat, perspiration, and afford free movement of the features, not hindering clear speech or diction, and in no way to destroy or mar the illusion of reality in the make-up.

In case of historic characters, actual historic research must be made, in order to retain authenticity.

In the accompanying portraits it is interesting to point out that although these are from un-retouched photographs, the make-up is not visible to the eye. A further point of interest in these photographs of myself in the various make-ups is, that I have retained my own moustache in every one, no matter what additions and subtractions in character have been achieved. Never do I employ the Hollywood method of shaving off my moustache, where a clean shaven character is to be portrayed.

Take my make-up of the Neanderthal Man. This character to my knowledge, has never been done in make-up. Yet I wanted to do it. I visited libraries, museums, and found all I could on the subject. I decided that I must revert myself back more than 500,000 years B. C. I gathered gauze, fish skin, collodion, plastic, false teeth, wax, cotton and any other materials I thought would aid me in my transformation. I built my forehead out at the frontals so that I achieved the sloping forehead, and prominent frontals characteristic to this character. I broadened my nose to conform to the shape desired and necessary. It was impossible for me to cut or shave my nose down to the proper size, so by blocking out my moustache, and building out my upper lip, I acquired the effect I needed.

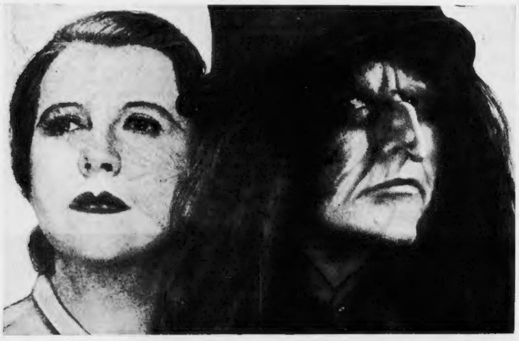
Next came the cheek bones, and then the shaping of my lower lip and I had what looked to me as the proper base. Obliterating my own eyebrows, I added false ones, and then added the hairs, a few at a time, until I had the beard properly applied and shaped. The teeth were very important. I made a false set of upper and lower teeth, which fitted over my own. A wig, long enough in front to give me a short forehead, and the result is the photograph you see here. Of course the hands were painted and hair was applied to give the hairy aspect.

I laugh at myself every time I look at my hobo. In this case the nose came first. Bulbous, round and "Rummylike." I then erased my own eyebrows, and added the false ones high on my forehead to give me the "Weary Willie" expression. I had to have a black eye, so I painted one on. Please notice that the eye is "echymosed" black and blue, not merely a smudge so commonly seen in the movies. I could not use my waxed moustache on this character so I blocked it out and covered it with a plastic that looked like my upper lip devoid of hair. Crepe hair was cut into fine particles and stuck on so that the appearance of an unshaven beard was satisfactory. Lining my face in the proper areas gave me the weather beaten leathery skin of the tramp so traditional. My hands were "dirtied" and the costume finished my creation.

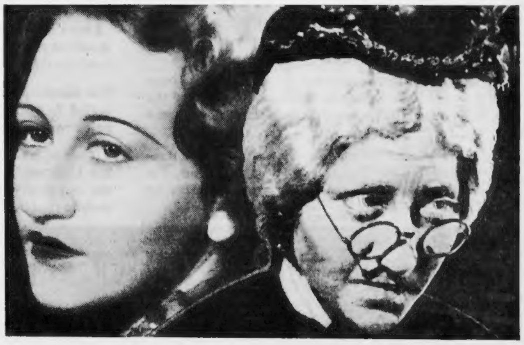
I take pride in my Cyrano de Bergerac. It is said that thousands of dollars was paid for a nose for a prominent actor for his role of Cyrano, yet the picture was never made. Look at my nose. And I have made this same nose in no less than six different materials, each one natural, easy to apply, and not detectable to the naked eye, at a safe distance. Here also, are false eyebrows, a wig, false beard, and the sad expression of de Bergerac.

Shylock is the invention of Shakespeare. I wanted to illustrate this character. Old age in make-up is a delicate task. As usual my nose was modeled first. Then, white hair was glued over my own eyebrows. I whitened my own moustache, and added the long white hair so typical of Shylock. The beard came next. Look at my right cheek. See how the hair is made to appear growing right out of my cheek as nature itself produces face hair. Knowing anatomy, I sunk my eyes, hollowed my cheeks, wrinkled my brows and temples, and blocked out a few teeth. I then placed my wig on, and carefully hid the junction of the wig on the front of my forehead adding necessary wrinkles so that the "blend line" was made invisible. The hands came next, and nodular fingers, suffering from hypertrophic arthritis, were made by shading and highlighting the hands, so that a perfect portrait of old, veined hands was perfectly produced. I feel that my Shylock is alive.

The Little Old Lady In Black, is a make-up of a young woman eighteen years old. Old age in the young female is not an easy undertaking. However, the young lady in question was given a complete covering of grease paint which paled her face, neck and ears, and her lips were obliterated so that there was just a faint trace of what was once, a pretty pair of lips. It was not necessary to "thin" her out. The lines depicting wrinkles were added, and the slight hollow under the cheek bone was diagonally placed to show that in her youth, this cheek was once very well rounded. The eyebrows and the eyelashes were whitened, and the lines drawn vertically over both lips simulate the narrow creases time paints on the female. The wig was then selected—wigs are a problem, because lifelike wigs are only made on the Pacific Coast. To add to the illusion a pair of spectacles were given the little lady and she was instructed to look over them. Her hand was made up to represent a lady of character, genteel in type, and one who has grown old gracefully. The reader can judge what was accomplished.



Miss Robinson Without Make-up and the Same Miss Robinson After Dr. Liszt Made Her Up as a Witch.



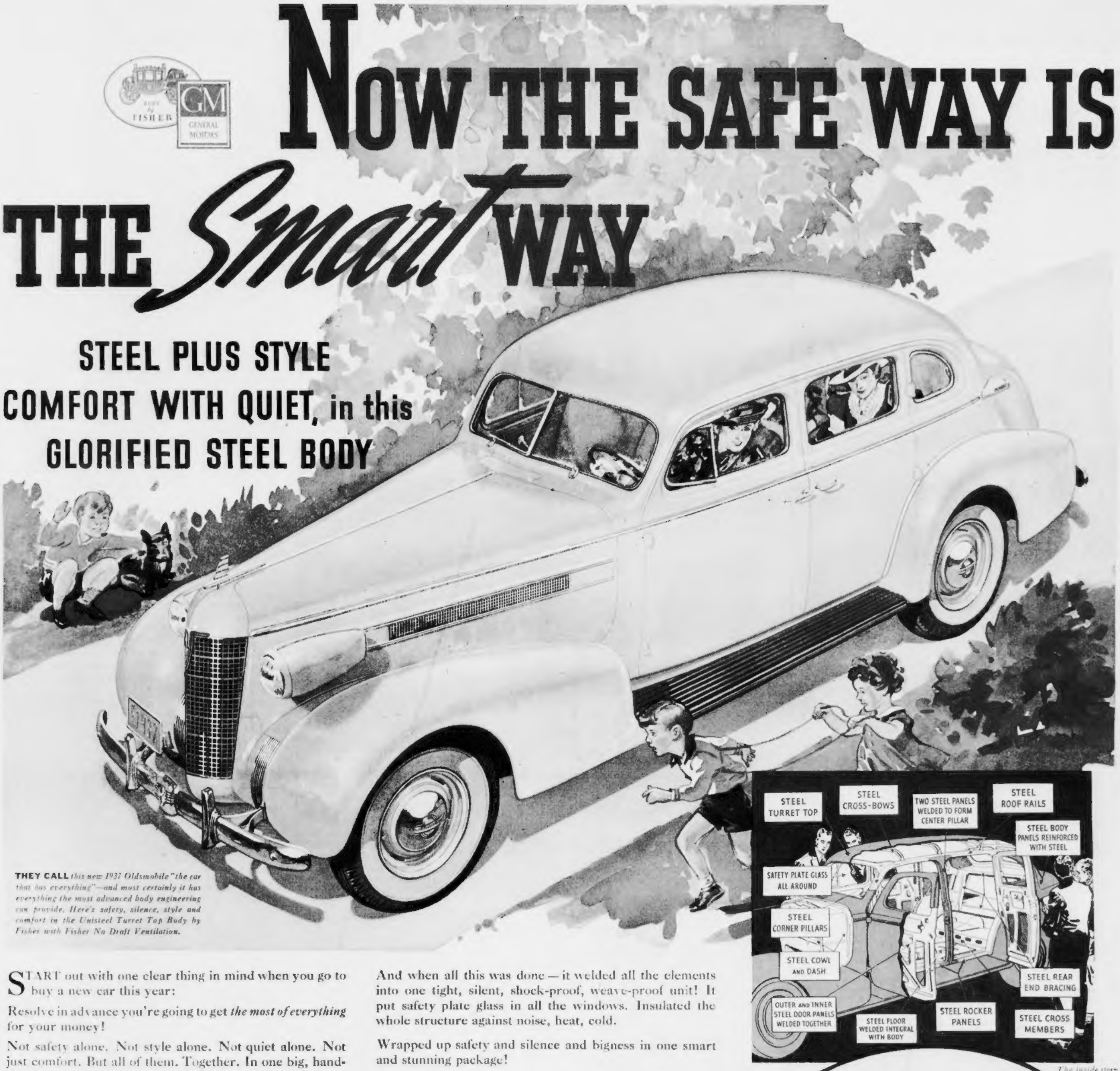
"Miss D. S." in Natural Life and in Make-up as a Grandma.

BODY by FISHER

GM GENERAL MOTORS

NOW THE SAFE WAY IS THE *Smart* WAY

STEEL PLUS STYLE COMFORT WITH QUIET, in this GLORIFIED STEEL BODY


STEEL TURRET TOP
STEEL CROSS-BOWS
TWO STEEL PANELS WELDED TO FORM CENTER PILLAR
STEEL ROOF RAILS
STEEL BODY PANELS REINFORCED WITH STEEL
SAFETY PLATE GLASS ALL AROUND
STEEL CORNER PILLARS
STEEL COWL AND DASH
STEEL REAR END BRACING
OUTER AND INNER STEEL DOOR PANELS WELDED TOGETHER
STEEL FLOOR WELDED INTEGRAL WITH BODY
STEEL ROCKER PANELS
STEEL CROSS MEMBERS

THEY CALL *this new 1937 Oldsmobile "the car that has everything"—and most certainly it has everything the most advanced body engineering can provide. Here's safety, silence, style and comfort in the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher with Fisher No Draft Ventilation.*

The inside story of Unisteel construction

START out with one clear thing in mind when you go to buy a new car this year:

Resolve in advance you're going to get *the most of everything* for your money!

Not safety alone. Not style alone. Not quiet alone. Not just comfort. But all of them. Together. In one big, handsome car. And for no more money than you'd pay for less!

Fisher made such buying possible when it glorified the steel body.

It started out with the raw metal. Steel for the floors. Steel for doors—side panels—roof rails—cross bows—cowl—corner posts. Steel in one solid seamless piece for the roof overhead.

But it's what Fisher did with the steel that makes the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher so vitally important to you!

Fisher molded this stout metal into the strongest and most graceful shapes. Stretched long the lines. Rounded off the corners. Smoothed out contours, made them flowing and pleasant to see.

Fisher made its dimensions big. Gave you wide, free-swinging, easy-to-enter doors. Swung the floors low. Put room to spare overhead — generously provided space for feet and elbows.

And when all this was done — it welded all the elements into one tight, silent, shock-proof, weave-proof unit! It put safety plate glass in all the windows. Insulated the whole structure against noise, heat, cold.

Wrapped up safety and silence and bigness in one smart and stunning package!

Fisher No Draft Ventilation was added to assure your comfort in all kinds of weather. Deep cushioned seats provide rest with every ride. Smart fabrics, trimly tailored, were matched with stunning fittings to make interiors as tastefully done as your own living room.

And the result was the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher such as you see pictured here!

There's no reason why you should do without any of the qualities you want in a car this year—there's no reason why you should pay a premium to get them in greatest measure.

For this surpassing body—safe, quiet, strong, comfortable, styled to the minute inside and out — is yours on cars in price ranges from the very lowest up.

To see it, look at the General Motors cars. Fisher builds the Unisteel Turret Top Body only for them. No other car can give you the greatest single advance in 1937 automobile design.

Only BODY by FISHER has all these Safety and Comfort Features:

1. *Improved visibility, front and rear.* 2. *Streamline style—roominess for greater comfort.* 3. *Saftiseal floor—protects against exhaust fumes.* 4. *Improved No Draft Ventilation with Safety Plate Glass all around.* 5. *Giant luggage compartments "flowed" integral with body.* 6. *Wider seats and larger door openings.* 7. *Turret Top for extra safety and durability.* 8. *New two-way adjustable front seat.* 9. *Fisher interior styling—upholstery and fittings.* 10. *Unisteel construction throughout — with all the steel panels insulated against heat, cold and noise.*

BOYS—$80,000 in awards. Enroll in 1937 Guild Competition at nearest General Motors Dealer or write Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild, Detroit.

THE UNISTEEL TURRET TOP BODY BY *Fisher*

ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK* · LA SALLE · CADILLAC*

*On the most popular models

That Obliging Fire Chief Across the Street

Gallant Captain Wood's Wife Says He Was Always Running Over to Fix Wealthy Mrs. Gardner's Radio, Mind the Children, Put Her Husband to Bed or Do Other Odd Jobs Around the House, Which She Thought Entirely Too Accommodating ---and So Did the Judge

Mrs. Albert S. Gardner (Carol de Windt), Who Was Accused of Writing That Fatal Letter Sending the Fire Chief "10,000 Kisses on Every Moonbeam" and Who May Be Sued on a Charge of Stealing His Affection if He Doesn't Stay Away From Her Door.

The Chief's Wife Says He Was So Eager to Please Mrs. Gardner That He Took Her Little Boy on a Fire-Engine Joyride—a Thrill Not Many Youngsters Ever Have.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, on a Vacation in the Happy Days Before the New Fire House Was Built Across the Street.

"I SEND you 1,000 kisses on each ray of the sun, and 10,000 on each moonbeam

Your beloved Carol."

When Mrs. Gertrude Wood, wife of David Joseph Wood, the handsome fire chief of fashionable Winnetka, Illinois, read that sentiment in a love letter to her husband, she decided that this affair was no small brush-fire to be put out with the feeble extinguisher of wifely tears. It was a four-alarm conflagration to be drenched in court with a deluge of publicity.

The writer of that love letter, she said, was the wealthy and socially-prominent Mrs. Carol de Windt Gardner, who lived across the street from the fire-house where Dave was the captain, although almost everyone called him "Chief."

A good fireman is supposed to perform all sorts of services besides putting out fires. He must comfort hysterical women, rescue children, cats, dogs and unconscious husbands. Chief Wood was an awfully good fireman, doing all these things in the grandest possible manner. In fact his wife says he was too good to be true.

It seemed strange to her that when she called at the fire-house, David was usually across the street.

"Well," she says he explained, "sometimes I go over to fix Mrs. Gardner's car."

Mrs. Wood couldn't see why, if she was so rich, Mrs. Gardner did not get a mechanic or employ a chauffeur, but David reminded her that rich women are sometimes economical.

That was why he had to make the two Gardner kids behave. Kids will often be good for a fire chief when they wouldn't for most anyone else. She knew there was much truth in that. Another thing he said he had to do was put Carol's husband, Albert Sumner Gardner, to bed when he had been drinking. Mrs. Wood thought that was a job for a doctor or the butler, but says her husband answered:

"Why, that man is descended from Henry Clay. He wouldn't let any common doctor put him to bed."

That story was accepted for some time until one day her son Richard Wood, now thirteen years old, burst into the house with howls of jealous rage. He cried:

"You know Dad never lets me ride on the fire trucks but I just saw the Gardner kid go by on one and they let him ring the bell. Willie Gardner is just my age and I can't stand it."

That night the chief had a tough time explaining and the best he could do was promise never to give another kid a ride.

When the [illegible] began to have [illegible] arguments about [illegible] Gertrude threatened [illegible] to the [illegible] person herself, Captain Wood was shocked.

"You would not dare insult a lady like that," he asserted in a horrified voice. "Why she is descended from President John Adams."

Then he reached for his hat, and left home, only returning for a few brief calls, in one of which he made a sad mistake.

Gertrude says that he not only withdrew his physical presence from the home but his financial support, so that she had to support herself and the children by doing the washing of elite families in the neighborhood, not, however, the Gardners. The chief says he gave her plenty of money all the time, and that she merely took in washing to make him look cheap. Carol took pity on the homeless handsome fire chief, letting him park his car in her garage and live in the chauffeur's quarters over it, it was declared.

Handsome "Chief" Wood, Leaving the Court Where He Was Ordered to Pay His Wife $100 a Month for Separate Maintenance.

And Mrs. Wood, Who Also Won Permission From the Judge to Sue Mrs. Gardner for Alienation if the Fireman Keeps on Fixing Things in Her Home.

At Mrs. Wood's separate maintenance suit and her husband's counter suit for divorce, this matter was gone into as follows:

"Do I understand you launder Winnetka's fancy linen?" Attorney Joseph Heinzen, for Captain Wood, asked her.

"I launder whatever I can get!" the witness snapped.

"Isn't it true," counsel pursued, "that you cluttered up your home with so many high-priced electric gadgets you had to devise a way to help pay for them—and laundering was it?"

"I didn't HELP to pay for them. I PAID!" the witness shot back. "And I didn't buy anything but what was needed."

"Then why," counsel parried, "if that statement is true, did you always greet the captain's attempts to patch up things between you with demands for money—$7.46 for payment on the electric mangle, $8.40 for the electric washer, $6.80 for the electric ringer, $2.30 for the dish-washer? Why was the captain made to feel the minute he put his foot inside the door, he was needed only to pay the next instalment on your electric gadgets?"

"I tell you he didn't PAY!" screamed the dark-eyed witness.

Attorney Heinzen, unruffled, quickly slipped in with:

"Thank heaven, my client has some sense!"

At this point the court admonished counsel to "stick to the facts. The question of who paid for the electric appliances is irrelevant."

"Neither need it be settled at this time," the judge said, "whether an electric washer, ironer or any other electric appliance is a luxury or a necessity. Proceed."

The captain's wife was not to be sidetracked onto any other subject until she'd finished with what she wanted to say about her "washerwoman" jobs and the obstacles to their completion which, she said, were put in her way by Mrs. Gardner and the captain.

"There was the day," she recounted bitterly, "that I had six washings ready for delivery to some of the best families of Winnetka, and accounts I was anxious to keep. The family automobile was parked in Mrs. Gardner's garage, where Dave had left it, because he said it would be handy there.

"After walking seven blocks to the Gardner home, I was told by Carol that she wouldn't give up the key to the car unless I got the captain's permission to have it. It made me so mad to have this 'grand lady' telling me what I would have to do before I could deliver my wash, I let go and screamed: 'You give me that key or I'll throw rocks at your garage windows!' Besides, that car was just as much mine as Dave's. I'd made half of the payments on it.

"I hurried over to the fire-station, which was across the street, and found that Carol already had telephoned Dave. She said I'd been 'common' and 'insulting.' Dave said to me: 'You'll have to ask Mrs. Gardner in a nice way for the key. Otherwise, you can't have the car.'"

"Did you ask for the key in a nice way?" the witness's counsel asked her.

"No!" came the spirited retort. "I didn't go back. My son hustled up two coaster-wagons like his own in the neighborhood, and the three of us—Richard, Marjorie (his sister) and myself, each in our separate directions, delivered the washes. When we got home that night we were all so dead tired we could scarcely move. The next day Richard went down to the fire-station and demanded of his father that he give him the car-key. The captain did. Richard had threatened to do worse than throw rocks at the Gardner garage windows.

"Once I reminded her," Mrs. Wood continued, "of those telephone messages, 'Important, call at once—Carol,' which she constantly left for my husband, and I told her what he had said about such messages from women."

"Well, what did the chief say about them?" she was asked.

"He said," replied the witness in bitter tones, "that when a woman leaves an 'important—call at once' message she has monkey business on her mind. When a woman has a legitimate fire to report, he told me, she usually screams into the phone: 'Fire! come at once!' and then hangs up before she tells where the fire is."

This estrangement went on with occasional skirmishes until one day the chief made one of his brief and infrequent calls on his wife. It was a heated argument and finally he took off his coat. Still he was too hot and went down cellar to choke the furnace. While he was out of the room Mrs. Wood "frisked" the pockets of that coat, imprudently left unguarded, and found a perfumed, five-page letter on pale-blue, gold-crested stationery.

"My precious darling, won't you please change your mind and be with me over the week-end? I am not going to give up hope—because I trust my beloved Dave that you will have a change of mind. Please excuse the scrawl, darling, but my eyes are so swollen from crying that I can't see very well.

"Somehow I think I may have the extreme pleasure of your charming company, and so I had better get busy and make something I know you like. What was that you tried to tell me last night?

"Please, dear, I ask you again, to reconsider about our week-end. I want so to be with you. I am about having a chill, now, I am so cold from being nervously upset. Good-night, my beloved sweetheart, and on this Thanksgiving Eve I am so thankful I have you and you are all I care about in this whole world. I'll be true to you forever. Do you think these are only idle words?

"I send you a thousand kisses on each ray of the sun, and ten thousand on each moonbeam, my beloved.

"Your own adoring Carol."

This letter just burned Gertrude up, and she started her suit at once. When Circuit Court Judge Joseph Burke saw that letter he threw Captain Wood's divorce suit out and granted Gertrude $100 a month separate maintenance alimony. An interesting sight in the court room was Mr. Gardner, wearing smoked glasses, perhaps to show how blind his love had been. With him sat his lawyer, Frank T. O'Brien, taking notes from the letter and other matters. Whether he plans to write a novel from these notes or get a divorce was not revealed.

The court even granted permission to Mrs. Wood [illegible] alienation of affections.

"Alienation suits are now against Illinois law," admitted Judge Burke, "but I doubt if the Legislature has the power to place a penalty on anyone filing such a suit. I authorize the privilege of bringing such a suit in this case in the hope it will [illegible] Gardner and Captain Wood to [illegible]."

The Gardners moved away from the stone mansion, opposite the fire-house, to Barrington, another suburb within a few miles. When people ask where Mr. Gardner has gone, the boys around the fire house usually answer: "Gone wid de Wind!"

If they happen to have read the best seller by that name, they know they are supposed to laugh. If not they get laughed at.

"Imagine! They fit as perfectly as expensive ones, Mother!"
"Yes, I've never seen such real values as GRANTS give!"

Wrap-around Side-hook Girdle with [illegible] brocade [illegible] tested for strength. Lightly boned elastic inserts. New flat garters. Sizes 28 to 34. $1

Backlace Clasp-on Corset [illegible]

Inner-belt Corset for Larger Figures. [illegible] Perfect fit [illegible]

Knitted Two-way Stretch Lastex Combination (see photo at right). Satin Lastex [illegible] uplift top. New flat garters [illegible] Small, Medium, Large, Extra Large. $1

Garter Girdle (sketched below). Tested brocade, elastic insert, lightly boned. 59 cents.

GRANTS BETTER CORSET VALUES!

$1

A Style for Every Figure!
Accurately Sized Throughout!
Only Tested Materials Used!
All Modeled for Proper Fit!
Newest Features! Fine Stitching!
Guaranteed for Wash and Wear!
Many Models Not Illustrated!

Grant Bandeaux and Brassieres—

25c & 29c Made of lovely tested fabrics, strong elastics. Copies of all the newest styles. Sizes 32 to 44.

59c Lastex Girdles

[illegible]

KEEP BOTH YOUR FIGURE AND BUDGET UNDER CONTROL

Unless you know your Grant Store already, this page is going to read like a fairy tale come true. Study it carefully — note the high-quality features mentioned about each garment. It means that every woman can enjoy the benefits of good corsetry—the lovely dainty undergarments all women crave—without begging from her budget or spending money needed for other things.

These are not cheaply made garments; they are *good* garments at low prices.

"How can the Grant Store do it?" you'll ask. This is how:

The W. T. Grant Company buys all at once, for everybody. For you, and thousands of women like you. That's why every bit of material and elastic used in Grants garments can be tested for breaking strength and quality . . . why every garment can be modeled on a living figure to make sure the fit is absolutely right and sizing accurate. Why makers will copy the smartest and most expensive new garments in economical, tested Grant fabrics. That's why so many high price features can be included —AND PRICES STILL KEPT LOW!

These — and another reason you should know about. 30 years ago in New England, W. T. Grant started his first store on a new principle. He said:

"Not how much can I get for myself — but how much can I give to my customers." All the friends and neighbors working in your Grant Store are still doing business by that principle. It is a community shopping center built around your interests . . . engaged in getting as much sound quality and value as possible for you out of every dollar you spend for yourself, home and family.

The values on this page are not unusual in your Grant Store. You'll find similar ones on every counter . . . so uniform in reliable quality and value that a child could do your shopping. Especially with our money-back, no-question guarantee. Come in tomorrow and see for yourself. Now is the time to invest in a trim, well-controlled Grant figure for yourself — and start controlling your budget with Grants low-shopping figures too!

W. T. GRANT CO.

Community Buying Center for Good Things, Low Priced

Visit Your Nearest Grants Store for Other Home and Family Needs

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Danielson 98 Main Street
Putnam 76 Main Street
South Manchester 815 Main Street
Willimantic 749 Main Street

MAINE

Bangor 64 Main Street
Brunswick 72 Maine Street
Calais 159 Main Street
Fort Kent 99 Main Street
Lewiston 9 Lisbon Street
Old Town 86 N. Main Street
Portland 514 Congress Street
Sanford 189 Maine Street
Skowhegan 66 Water Street
Van Buren 84 Main Street

MASSACHUSETTS

Adams 24 Park Street
Allston 149 Harvard Avenue
Arlington 119 Broadway
Athol 417 Main Street
Beverly 226 Cabot Street
Boston 395 Washington Street
Brockton 111 Main Street
Cambridge 623 Massachusetts Ave.
Chelsea 300 Broadway
Chicopee 14 Market Square
Clinton 126 High Street
Danvers 14 Elm Street
Dorchester 1468 Dorchester Ave.
768 Dudley Street
583 Washington Street
East Boston 61 [illegible] Square
Easthampton 44 Union Street
Everett 419 Broadway
Fall River 119 S. Main Street
Fitchburg 493 Main Street
Framingham 22 Irving Square
Franklin 13A Main Street
Gardner 18 Parker Street
Gloucester 181 Main Street
Great Barrington 290 Main Street
Haverhill 52 Merrimack Street
Holyoke 210 High Street
Hudson 14 Main Street
Hyde Park 1214 River Street
Jamaica Plain 660 Center Street
Lawrence 425 Essex Street
Leominster 18 Main Street
Lynn 70 Market Street
318 Union Street
Malden 78 Pleasant Street
Marlboro 168 Main Street
Mattapan 1626 Blue Hill Avenue
Medford 16 High Street
Melrose 520 Main Street
Middleboro 59 Center Street
Milford 161 Main Street
Natick 14 Main Street
Needham 971 Great Plain Avenue
New Bedford 458 Purchase Street
Norfolk Downs [illegible] Road
North Adams 81 Main Street
North Attleboro 11 N. Washington Street
Norwood 608 Washington Street
Palmer 416 Main Street
Peabody 16 Peabody Square
Pittsfield 141 North Street
Reading 622 Main Street
Rockland 261 Union Street
Roslindale [illegible] Street
Roxbury [illegible] Avenue
Salem [illegible] Essex Street
Somerville 210 Elm Street
South Boston [illegible]
Stoneham [illegible] Main Street
Taunton 21 Main Street
Wakefield [illegible] Main Street
Waltham [illegible] Moody Street
Ware [illegible] Main Street
Watertown [illegible] Main Street
Webster [illegible] Main Street
Weymouth 14 Commercial Street
Winchendon 62 Central Street
Winthrop 10 Somerset Avenue
Woburn 405 Main Street
Worcester 40 Main Street

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Berlin 141 Main Street
Concord 81 N. Main Street
Derry 28 East Broadway
Dover [illegible] Central Avenue
Franklin 441 Central Street
Manchester 1023 Elm Street
Nashua 94 Main Street
Portsmouth 69 Congress Street
Rochester 51 N. Main Street

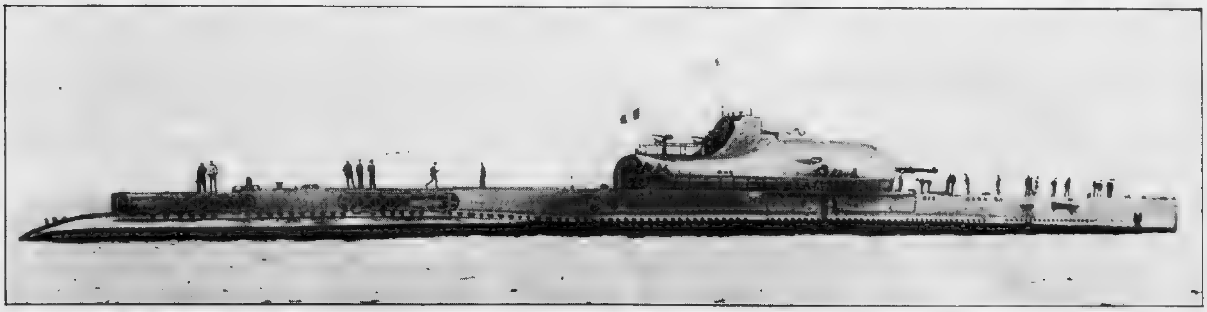
RHODE ISLAND

Newport 149 Thames Street
Pawtucket 250 Main Street
Providence 417 Westminster St.
West Warwick 59 Washington St.
Woonsocket 170 Main Street

VERMONT

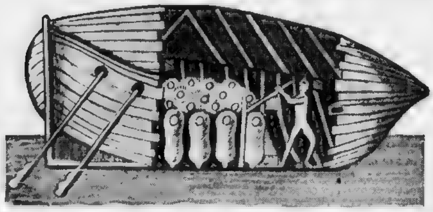
Bennington 406 Main Street
Burlington 66 Church Street
Newport 58 Main Street
St. Johnsbury 84 Railroad Street
Springfield 23 Main Street

World's Biggest Submarine—And What It Grew From



The Huge "Surcouf," 316 Feet Long, Carrying Four 5½-Inch Guns, an Aeroplane, a Crew of 150 Men, and With a Cruising Radius of 13,000 *Miles, Is the* Largest Ever Built, but It Is So Big the French Have Found It Not Practical From a Naval Standpoint.

For Centuries Men Have Sought to Navigate Beneath the Sea and the First Workable Submarine Was Invented in 1620, but It Was a Far Cry From the Gigantic French Under-Seas Craft



It Was in a Submarine Very Much Like This One That a Dutch Inventor Actually Sailed Beneath the Thames River for Several Hours in 1620.

IN 1620 Cornelius Van Drebel, a Dutchman who was serving under King James I of England, astonished [illegible] and apparently defied the laws of Nature by putting twelve [illegible] in a strange [illegible] which he called a submarine and navigating the thing for several hours at a depth of 12 to 15 feet below the surface of the Thames River. What was even more astonishing was that the [illegible] and none of the twelve rowers [illegible] was able to tell about their invasion of a territory that until then had belonged strictly to Neptune and Davy Jones.

But Van Drebel's submarine was simply the first working model of a kind of a ship that mankind had been thinking about and trying to design for hundreds of years. Ancient Greek mythology has the story of one man's earliest attempts to fly, and it must have been about that time when mankind took a look at the ocean and wondered what was beneath its surface.

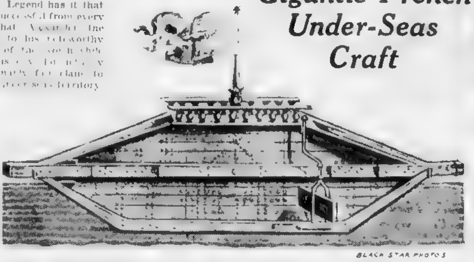
A few years ago the French, who with the United States were the earliest to appreciate the value of submarines in naval strategy, launched the great-great-grandson of Van Drebel's crude craft when Le Surcouf, a monster undersea craft able to [illegible] and with a displacement when submerged of over 4,000 tons, slid down the ways from a Cherbourg shipyard. Le Surcouf is nearly twice the size of any other submarine in the world. She carries [illegible] half-inch guns [illegible] of any submarine [illegible]. In addition Le Surcouf carries an [illegible] folding-[illegible] structure that breaks the lines of her [illegible] half [illegible] 13,000 [illegible] a crew of 150 [illegible]. She was built to [illegible] pressures sufficient to allow her to [illegible] 400 feet beneath the ocean's surface—nearly 100 feet deeper than any other existing submarine. The Surcouf [illegible] is so equipped that it is capable of remaining under water with its crew for two days and a half.

But [illegible] the French [illegible] [illegible] In addition it is [illegible] that [illegible] speed of more than [illegible] an hour.

The [illegible] that their [illegible] of practical value came [illegible] the French because they [illegible] experimenting with undersea craft [illegible] with their navy [illegible] the [illegible] of the first [illegible] submarine.

Long before Cornelius Van Drebel [illegible] his curious craft in the [illegible] had been thinking about [illegible] and some strange ideas for [illegible] had been suggested by inventors and artists as can be seen from the series of drawings of queer boats and devices for exploring beneath the sea on this page today.

One of the earliest pictures of such a [illegible] is the [illegible] shown here [illegible] Alexander the Great's conquest of Neptune's domain. Legend has it that the conquest was successful from every standpoint and that Alexander the Great, in addition to his noteworthy conquest of most of the world, [illegible] in his [illegible] stake out a reasonably fair claim to a good portion of undersea territory. But [illegible] is an [illegible] that Alexander ever did much in the way of marine survey.



BLACK STAR PHOTOS

The "Ship of Rotterdam," Another Dutch Submarine Invented in the Eighteenth Century, but Which Failed to Work

It is fairly obvious from the drawing which shows Alexander being lowered beneath the sea that the early version of a submarine he chose to make the trip was a big glass jug in which presumably Alexander climbed, had somebody push the cork in and was all set for his visit to the depths. But the analytical minded scientists of the present day have pointed out that such a big glass jug could go not [illegible] a short distance without being crushed by the terrific pressures that are found below the surface and that even had the jug been strong enough to withstand these crushing pressures, Alexander would soon have exhausted the oxygen in his [illegible] and could have [illegible] a very fleeting visit beneath the waters.

A few score years after Alexander, however, some genius whose name has been lost to history thought up a sort of [illegible] submarine [illegible] bell made of leather, also illustrated on this page. The picture displayed was drawn by Father Scaott, a scientific-minded monk, in 1664, nearly fifty years after Van Drebel's first submarine, but the good father admitted that he had simply put on paper an idea that [illegible] thought of [illegible] Borty, the inventor of this [illegible] patented a [illegible] placed over his head. A leather [illegible] at the bottom was to be drawn [illegible] the contraption, [illegible] the water [illegible] legs left [illegible] out of the [illegible] to permit the submarine visitor to navigate under his own power.

Van Drebel's [illegible] very [illegible] the [illegible] on the [illegible]. It was built of wood, [illegible] for the [illegible] which [illegible] leather [illegible] watertight and sank below the surface by means of pumping water into a series of tanks. When it wished to return to the surface, the pumps were [illegible] again and the water forced from the tanks. The natural buoyancy of the wood and the even greater buoyancy of the air contained inside the hull then forced the boat to the surface.

The "Ship of Rotterdam," also pictured on this page, was another early Dutch attempt to design a craft that would sail under the seas. This was an eighteenth century effort, but it failed.

The first known military submarine was the Turtle, an American [illegible] during the Revolutionary War by David Bushnell. With his crew aboard Bushnell in 1776 attempted to [illegible] under the [illegible] hoping to [illegible] the ship out of the water. Unfortunately for Bushnell's plan, the Eagle was covered with a heavy copper sheathing and the [illegible] the submarine crew had brought along to fasten the [illegible] to the hull would not penetrate the copper, so Bushnell [illegible] attempt failed.

An Inventor in the Middle Ages Conceived This Queer Looking Contraption In Which He Thought Man Might Be Able to Explore the Bottom of the Sea, but It Is Not Recorded That Anyone Ever Took a Chance on Finding Out Whether It Would Work

The first known successful use of a submarine in naval warfare [illegible] in the Civil War between the North and the South. On February 17, 1864, a Confederate submarine with a crew of [illegible] attacked [illegible] that was [illegible]

[illegible] Hudson. The [illegible] minutes but the [illegible] of the [illegible] boat to [illegible] the [illegible] with its [illegible] crew of [illegible] to the bottom of Charleston Harbor.

[illegible] the 1880's [illegible] the [illegible] of submarines [illegible] naval warfare [illegible] apparent both in this country and in France. John P. Holland, an American [illegible] several [illegible] submarines of [illegible]

This Old Drawing Was Supposed to Picture the Legendary Descent of Alexander the Great Beneath the Sea in What Appears to Have Been a Big Glass Jug

French [illegible] of their first military submarine, the Gymnote. [illegible] this craft was launched in 1888. It was [illegible] but [illegible] as an experiment [illegible] electric motor.

[illegible]

[illegible] and so successful was the attack [illegible] the years between 1914 and 1918 [illegible]

[illegible] to carry [illegible]. This warfare was [illegible]

[illegible] the Sea [illegible] 1870 [illegible]

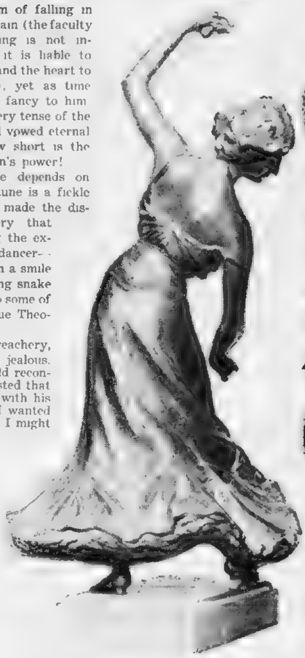
Unblushing Confessions of a Famous

Mme. Otero, Former Stage Queen, Reveals With A
How She Made Her Rich Lovers Pay for Her
Foolishly Tossed Away Her Mon
as Fast as She Acquire

Mlle. Liane de Pougy in Her Three-Foot Hat of Gigantic Tail Feathers of a Pheasant. Mlle. de Pougy Was a Rival of Otero, and It Is Related That Liane Used to Tie Up with a Chain Her Rich Admirers Who Showed Indications of Dallying with Other Women.

Mlle. "Primrose," Who Received the Name Because, It Is Said, She Exhaled the Peculiarly Delicate and Elusive Fragrance of the Exquisite Flower of the Springtime.

Otero in a Sketch She Produced at the Seville Fete, Where She Throws Herself on the Body of Her Lover, the Dead Toreador.



Silver Statue of Otero Sold at Auction for 45,000 Francs.

Otero at the Height of Her Pro in Her Luxurious Home, No. 23 Extravagant

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

I have told how my father was killed in a duel with the lover of my attractive but evil Spanish gipsy mother, of my wretched home life and how I ran away with a boy sweetheart. Almost with my first stage engagement I found a rich admirer, a banker, who set me up in an apartment and loaded me with jewels

Surfeited with this life of a pampered bird in a gilded cage, I left my rich banker friend and became the petted darling of a wealthy young Spaniard, but his parents separated us

Foolishly I married a handsome baritone singer, a decayed Italian Count, who gambled away all I had saved and then disappeared. But I recouped the fortunes of myself my maid and my dog by triumphal engagements in Paris, Vienna, Berlin and New York, and, incidentally, became the sweetheart of a very rich German banker Then followed a tour of Hungary, Rumania and Russia, with a distressing experience with one Russian Prince and an affair with another.

Back in Paris once more, good fortune brought to me an enormously rich Englishman, who set me up in a palace on the Champs Elysees with eighteen servants; but by my duplicity I lost him. However, I was not lonesome long; a wealthy Russian completely occupied my thoughts, and with his frightful jealousy our lives passed in a sort of agitated dream

One of my former Russian lovers now begged to be reinstated in my affections but I discouraged him and he shot himself on the staircase of my home. Soon I made a conquest of a very rich young Frenchman at a luncheon party on his yacht. For two years we were companions until I compromised myself with a man for whom I left my yachtsman lover. We were wretchedly unhappy and parted

CHAPTER IX.

By CAROLINE OTERO.

(Concluded from Last Sunday)

AS a stage-star, I found it easier to attract a lover than to keep him On one occasion, I dazzled a rich Parisian stock-broker by the name of Bri and kept him circling about me several years. Then a particularly bright comet, with more than one tail of adorers, appeared in the theatrical firmament and swept him outside the orbit of my love

Perhaps he might still be paying my bills had I taken the precautions Liane de Pougy once took with a gallant of hers. This professional beauty, not content with enchaining his senses and common sense, used to chain him up like a dog in her Mentone villa, "La Perla." She knew that the fairest face, if it draws a man, does not suffice to hold him

Nevertheless, I felt proud to have guarded my broker such a length of time. I was no longer the dancing-girl lithe as a panther, whose wild grace had captivated the old capitals of Europe in the nineties, but a woman who had gained in weight what she had lost in witchery—a broad-flanked queen of the demi-monde, crowned with years.

According to Anatole France (they say he evinced a satyr's delight at seeing me sway my hips at the Paris Exposition of 1900), there are three sorts of women: those amorously inclined, those prompted by curiosity, and those who are indifferent. When I began beguiling Bri, I had reached the age of 45 and belonged to the second category.

I was curious to see how this or that admirer of mine—the young dandy saturated with patchouli, the old dotard twiddling his monocle—would conduct themselves in moments of passion. I looked at the humorous side of love, smiling inwardly at the fools I exploited and enjoying myself as with a comedy of marionettes.

On first hearing the broker tell how he had hankered after my kisses ever since watching me caper in "Carmen" at the Opera Comique, I asked if he wanted to risk his happiness in a gipsy's hands, repeating the words of the toreador, Escamillo: "The loves of Carmen never last long."

I laughingly added that he must be brave, indeed, to covet La Belle Otero, renowned as the courtezan ringed round with catastrophes—the devouring siren, who destroyed for destruction's sake and powdered her richest vintages with the dust of graves.

But my opulent charms had affected him like a bottle of champagne, and he replied to my banter by installing me in a "hotel particulier" (Rue Theodore de Banville, Paris) filled to the bursting-point with pictures and statues and bibelots of gold, silver and bronze. Here life was a perpetual fete, all fiddling, flowers and folly. I presided at roistering supper-parties, scattering smiles of the most provocative kind on my protector and pouring the wine that fills the veins with contentment, that makes the world much sweeter than, in the natural order of things, it could ever possibly be. Bri was in a state of beatitude and I took pains not to dispel the illusion formed around me by the mist of wine and pleasure.

No woman, however, will long detain a man unless she satisfies his demand for variety, and so I sometimes carried him away from the city's whirl to my country-seat at Triel, where the days sped by untouched by care as we hunted, fished and went on picnics. Skilled in the culinary art, I regaled him with Spanish dishes, such as "puchero"—an olla podrida of beef, chicken, bacon, turnips, carrots, leeks and celery—or rice prepared in Andalusian style. He was as fond of this fare, apparently, as the late French statesman, Aristide Briand (who often visited me incognito at Triel), and I wonder now what most attracted them—my swelling contours or my cooking.

I confess that I had started out by considering the stock-broker as merely one of a succession of dupes whom I had ensnared, and measured my caresses in proportion to his presents. Little did I dream of falling in love again (the faculty of loving is not infinite: it is liable to waste and the heart to wither), yet as time wore on I took a fancy to him We conjugated every tense of the verb "Aimer," and vowed eternal affection, but how short is the eternity of Passion's power!

Success in love depends on Fortune, and Fortune is a fickle jade. One day I made the disagreeable discovery that Bri was defraying the expenses of a ballet-dancer—a flamboyant thing with a smile like the twist of a young snake whom I had invited to some of our blowouts in the Rue Theodore de Banville.

Though hurt by his treachery, I pretended not to be jealous. Feeling confident I could reconquer him, I even suggested that he go and live a while with his high-kicker, declaring I wanted to be compared so that I might be better appreciated. However, I must have underrated my rival's fascinations, for the rascal ran off with her and never returned. Bitter days followed, and I, who had so often played the ballet-girl's role of love-thief, now suffered like the women whose sweethearts I had appropriated. I grew lachrymose, locked myself up with my "chagrin d'amour" and lamented the impermanence of human relationships

But losing money has the advantage of making one oblivious of all other troubles, and I at last forgot my love-sorrow by gambling away half-a-million francs at Monte Carlo, as Madame de Montespan forgot a King's neglect, spending 100,000 crowns nightly at the card-tables of Fontainebleau. Play, not love, has been my ruling passion since I was twenty—a passion inherited from my Greek father, an inveterate gamester—and if I have grown rich upon the substance of wealthy admirers, I have tossed away nearly all I ever gained on the "tapis vert."

I have learned to drink wine without losing my head, to play at hearts for my profit, but I have not learned to resist the lure of roulette or baccarat, to stop plunging when luck is clearly going against me. I am a victim of gambling, and gambling never releases its victims. When it has despoiled them of everything, it still remains their only hope.

Having said good-bye to 500,000 francs at Monaco, I went to the Municipal Casino at Nice, where I dropped a quarter-of-a-million after a week of feverish play and almost served as a burnt offering to the Goddess of Chance, thanks to one of her votaries named Lily Prado. Lily was sitting next to me at the baccarat table polluting the air with perfumed cigarettes. When I likened her to a scent-factory on fire, she blew a cloud of smoke in my face and departed, remarking that the reason she puffed so many cigarettes beside me was because I smelt of the sepulchre—an allusion to my age, which caused everybody to snicker.

About an hour later, while I was intent on the game, Lily sneaked back mingled with a group of spectators standing behind my chair and proceeded to drop cigarette ashes on a sable fur I was wearing. The hot ashes burnt a hole in the fur, another in my silk robe and raised a blister on my back, making me jump up and yell, "Fire!"

Fuming with rage, I rushed to M. Decis, manager of the place, and let him understand that while I had plenty of money to burn, I objected to having it consumed in this way. To indemnify my loss, he handed me 15,000 francs and I made no further demands as it cost me only 1,000 francs to have the damaged fur and dress repaired This was one of the rare occasions I won something in a casino

At another temple of hazard in Nice the Casino de la Jetee I encountered Mlle. Thuillier popularly known as "Primrose, the Gambling Queen." Hard up, she begged me to lend her 3,000 francs, which I did, although knowing I would never be repaid, unless with a worthless check.

Poor Primrose! She had fallen on evil days and looked as blue as the famous diamond she once wore—the sparkler (given her by the Czar) that formerly belonged to Marie Antoinette, but which Mlle. Thuillier was forced to pawn in order to discharge her gambling debts

Before the war, in this same casino, I remember seeing her disputing with the actress, Emilienne d'Alencon, whose protegee she was When Mlle. Thuillier was 17, Emilienne "adopted" her and let her take care of Jacques Hennessy, the actress's protector, who had tired of Emilienne but employed her to search out good-looking girls for his amusement. Primrose disliked the job of entertaining Jacques and, in the gaming-rooms

'Gold Digger"

stonishing Frankness
Favors and Then
key and Jewels
d Them

"Having said good-bye to 500,000 francs at Monaco, I went to the Municipal Casino at Nice, where I dropped a quarter-of-a-million after a week of feverish play and almost served as a burnt offering to the Goddess of Chance, thanks to one of her votaries named Lily Prado. Lily was sitting next to me at the baccarat table, polluting the air with perfumed cigarettes. When I likened her to a scent-factory on fire, she blew a cloud of smoke in my face and departed, remarking that the reason she puffed so many cigarettes beside me was because I smelt of the sepulchre—an allusion to my age, which caused everybody to snicker.

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perity, Standing Before Her Ornate Old French Boudoir Table Rue Fortuny, Paris. But the House Has Been Sold and All the Furnishings to Pay Her Gambling Debts.

[illegible] informed the comedienne of her decision to [illegible] her own life."

And what a life she lived! Escaping from [illegible] tutelage, she set her traps for a Rus[illegible] Duke who promised to realize her most [illegible] desires providing she did not mind [illegible] a man stricken with a malady that [illegible] happiness of both of them. [illegible] the adventuress remained at his [illegible] his liberality until the Czar, in[illegible] her pretty face, gave her an apart[illegible] where she reigned like another [illegible]. The Little Father also presented her [illegible] in the vicinity of St. Petersburg [illegible] her with gems, among which blazed [illegible] Blue Diamond. This pear-shaped [illegible] back to the Fifteenth Century when [illegible] the diadem of an Indian Buddha [illegible] to bring bad luck on its possessors, [illegible] explain why Primrose is down-and-out.

[illegible] Russia, Mlle. Thuillier traveled [illegible] commenced gambling, as drunk[illegible] lovers love blindly and of neces[illegible] domination of an irresistible force. [illegible] I saw her stake a million francs [illegible] of a card—and lose.

"The greatest pleasure in life," she told me, "is [illegible]. The next greatest, losing. Play is cruel [illegible] that is why I like it. The fascina[illegible] the bottom of all great passions. [illegible] of pleasure unless the precipice [illegible] the mingling of terror with delight [illegible]."

[illegible] characterized her playing. She [illegible] on the dancing ball, believing Fortune [illegible]. But play ruthlessly ruins, its [illegible] wretchedness, poverty, shame, and [illegible] who had bewitched crowned heads and [illegible] luxury, lost everything.

Shortly after borrowing money from me at the [illegible] la Jetee, Mlle. Thuillier was jailed at [illegible] she couldn't pay a taxi-bill and for [illegible]. The white hands kissed by [illegible] were manacled, and the splendor-loving [illegible] accustomed to sup and sleep in palaces was treated to soup, hard bread and a harder mattress. She was not given a private cell, but confined in a room with shoplifters, drunken hags and street-walkers. A nervous wreck on leaving prison, Primrose entered a sanitarium and now, at forty-seven, inspires pity rather than reprobation.

During the five years following my liaison with M. Bri, I flung away 7,000,000 francs on the gambling tables. To replenish my funds, I formed projects of running a night restaurant, bar or beauty parlor in emulation of Lina Cavalieri, Colette and Yahne d'Argent—ex-favorites forced to live on other things besides the glory acquired in their youth. Stage life had taught me many cosmetic tricks, and I was not only a good cook but a cocktail mixer of repute. One of my inventions—the "Otero cocktail"—is quite popular today at the Fregate Bar in the Palais de la Mediterranee Casino, Nice.

Despite reckless expenditures, I had money laid aside for a rainy day and might have doubled it by investing it in the restaurant or beauty business. But play was too great a magnet of attraction. I never carried out any of these plans and continued to haunt casinos, hoping to regain what I had lost.

Risking my bank-roll in the best and worst places, I roved from the Riviera's palaces of play to the lowest "tripots" in Paris, where raids are frequent and pistol-shots ring out above the rattle of dice and the click of roulette-balls.

Adventures are to the adventuress. In one of the capital's gaming-dens I was robbed of 30,000 francs by a player with Scamp plainly written on his countenance, while in another "hell" I was roughly handled by a police inspector, who exclaimed on seeing me:

"What! Are you here again, Otero?"

In the promiscuity of these resorts I rubbed elbows with blacklegs and white-armed Circes; with representatives of ancient monarchical houses and representatives of modern face-cream companies; with finance kings and queens of the theatre; with gigolos and superannuated coquettes.

At the tables I often encountered Donna Maria Luzzati, a Venetian courtesan who used to vie with me in vamping Parisian boulevardiers in 1900. Then she was as lovely as an uncommitted sin, and richer than La Barucci, another Italian love-vender, noted in the annals of Paris pleasure. Now this sovereign of charm has been forced to relinquish her sceptre, for she is faded as the painted beauties by Giorgione in the Durazzo Palace at Genoa.

Donna Maria's mania for games of hazard so impoverished her during the past few years that she lived on the charity of one of her old admirers, Sir Basil Zaharoff, but she is better off today. When Europe's mystery-man and munition-maker died recently, I am told he bequeathed a fortune to his aged sweetheart, and Donna Luzzati is now besieged by hundreds of suitors asking her hand in marriage.

Another figure conspicuous in the gambling circles I frequented at Paris was the comely Mlle. Cotillon, who wore a diamond ring given her by Zaharoff. Her court trials and tribulations had been the talk of the town for years, and her lawsuit against the ex-detective, Pierre Bonny, whom she charged with blackmail and defamation because he made remarks reflecting on her morals, I believe is still pending.

The other day this litigious lady started proceedings against her former lover, M. Simon Peretti, whose brother owns an establishment in the street named after the founder of the famous Montyon prize for virtue. Mlle. Cotillon claims that Simon not only pawned her jewels to erect a house of gaming and gallantry at Algiers, but threw her stark naked into the street one Winter night, after beating her black and blue.

I gambled ceaselessly, playing like one possessed and sometimes putting thirty-six hours at a stretch in some sordid "tripot." Cards were my counsellors and I firmly believed in the sorceries of the queen or deuce of spades. I never went to bed till daylight, never ate anything digestible or drank anything wholesome, and destroyed my nerves by giving rein to my idiotic passion.

Perhaps the worst thing about gaming is that it renders its slaves hardened and insensible. How well I remember the day I watched a group of friends playing poker at a club near the Saint-Lazare Railway Station, Paris. They had protracted their sitting far into the night and were intensely occupied with their cards when a member of the party—a laughing Lais, whose eyes were bright with wit and wine and who had been exchanging the wildest jests with a table partner—suddenly complained of a heart-attack, toppled from her chair and fell lifeless to the floor.

I rushed to her side, calling the others to come and help me carry her to a divan in the adjoining room. But they did not want to be interrupted and continued their game, after first removing the dead woman's cards from the table. Confirmed gamesters, all of them, they had seen more than one ruined player blow out his brains, and had gone on gambling as if nothing had happened. Why should they lose time and money now bothering about so banal a matter as my friend dropping dead!

In French and Spanish I cursed them for their inhuman indifference, yet I might as well have heaped imprecations on a collection of fossils. Their plaster-cast faces betokened blunted sensibilities, and hearts which had long forgotten how to throb. Hearts did I say? Why, each of them had only a pack of cards in place of a heart!

Meanwhile, Bad Luck kept flapping its bat-wings above me wherever I staked my money, with the result that I raised a bumper crop of debts and soon began to reap the reward of my folly. To pay my gambling debts, I parted with a treasure of treasures—the pearl-necklace that once enhanced the charms of Leonide Leblanc, imperious wanton, princess of the boards and gambler, who counted among her obedient slaves Prince Jerome Napoleon and the Duc d'Aumale. I likewise disposed of a string of pearls, ex-property of the Empress of Austria, together with a glittering heap of jeweled clasps, pendants and pins collected in the course of my career.

Dwindling funds soon obliged me to sell the love-nest of the Rue Theodore de Banville, as well as a residence of mine at No. 90, Avenue Kleber, Paris. The furnishings were auctioned off and how many times I exclaimed "O!" on seeing the velvet hangings, silver-plate and glassware—all emblazoned with the letter "O"—sold to the highest bidders.

The next things to pass out of my possession were palatial apartments in the Avenue Henri-Martin, and a mansion with a roof-garden at No. 23, Rue Fortuny, Paris. Then I closed my house at Cap d'Ail on the Cote d'Azur, and rented the "Villa Caroline" (Rue Jacques Bounin, Nice), a pretentious habitation I had purchased for 350,000 francs.

I even had to sell my high-powered car with its miniature bar and ride on trolleys or perambulate the streets, where I gained the nickname of "Madame Don Quixote" because I boxed the ears of a lad, who didn't give up his seat in a tram to an elderly lady, and rescued a pup from a dog-catcher whom I pummeled for his cruelty to animals.

Depressed with thinking about my past magnificence and present misfortunes, and harassed by creditors, I took refuge in a three-room flat up six flights of stairs, in the Rue d'Italie, Nice—a lodging where the sun roasted me by day and fleas devoured me at night.

Here I stowed away a medley of trinkets and theatrical trophies, copies of Boldi's musical hit—"The Otero March," an ivory statuette showing me in the role of "La Dominicaine," caricatures by Sem, paintings, faded photos and programs, a suitcase stuffed with worthless Russian bonds (for which I paid 6,000,000 francs in 1913), and a trunkful of tinseled costumes—souvenirs of the time when I had been a footlight personality, flattered and adored.

I was further saddened by the death of Prince

(Continued on Page 20)

Hay While the Sun Shines

by Rosamond Du Jardin

A Story of a Girl Who Fell in Love With the Man Her Sister Wanted to Marry. Complete in This Issue.

It Got So That Fleury, Who Had Never Been Satisfied Unless She Had Half a Dozen Men Dangling Around Her, Was Spending Half Her Time with Jean and Court.

JEAN had been married to Courtney Sherman a month and she was desperately afraid she had made a mistake. Not that she didn't love Court. That was the trouble; she [illegible] too much. When she was alone with him, [illegible] were hard and close about her, when his lips [illegible] love was like a flame consuming her, a thirst [illegible] quench. And when they were together in a [illegible] Court's deep voice made sane and unstartling [illegible] that anyone might hear and his eyes confided [illegible] different, then her love was like a cloak [illegible] them about, shutting them into a secret strong-[illegible] where none other might intrude. But when she was [illegible] Court was gone, her love was a madness that [illegible] imagine all sorts of weird, fantastic things she [illegible] breathe aloud to anyone, least of all her [illegible]

[illegible] sensible and adult to love like this. Jean knew [illegible] almost more than anything else in the [illegible] adult.

She [illegible] practice. She was eighteen. She had [illegible] from high school in June and now it [illegible] Funny to think that if she hadn't been [illegible] year, if she hadn't gone to the [illegible] club, she might not have met [illegible] belong to the club and Jean [illegible] dances there. But the Class Dance [illegible] She had been wearing cream lace with a [illegible] turquoise and Tod Jeffrey's gardenias [illegible] her wrist when she first laid [illegible] Sherman although she had heard about [illegible] before that.

[illegible] was Jean's sister and twenty-two and beautiful [illegible] with great, dark eyes and hair like clover [illegible] Fleury's smile was lazily provocative and her poise [illegible] she always knew what to say and how to say it [illegible] Even her name was glamorous.

[illegible] had sat on Jean's bed one night in a rarely con-[illegible] Had said, her eyes distant and mysterious, [illegible] smile curving her lovely mouth, "I've met the [illegible] Courtney Sherman, new in town and [illegible] He's going to start up the old Randolph [illegible] And he's young, Jean; not much over twenty-[illegible] attractive. Know what that equals, by [illegible]

[illegible] roused from slumber, had been far too [illegible] She had merely burrowed deeper into her [illegible]

[illegible] hadn't quite shut out the sound of her sister's [illegible] saying, "It equals my future husband, [illegible] more promising turns up while I'm [illegible] And I don't imagine it will. Courtney [illegible] than the other men I know. Not [illegible] exactly, but vital, tremendously sure of himself [illegible]

[illegible] Jean had murmured a trifle caustically. "You [illegible] the man has money—or am I leaping [illegible]

That had closed the discussion. Fleury had gone to bed [illegible] back to sleep. And a week later Fleury left [illegible] for New York, there to join Aunt Bette, who had [illegible] before her widowhood and the pleasant [illegible] Uncle Andrew had possessed a great deal [illegible] had ever led her to suppose. This was [illegible] had taken Fleury with her to Europe.

* * *

JEAN [illegible] forgotten Courtney Sherman until [illegible] Class Dance when a hand fell on Tod's [illegible] unfamiliar voice asked, "May I [illegible] a brown, lean, smiling face she had never [illegible]

[illegible] must have been evident, because the [illegible] his head reproachfully and said, "Aren't [illegible] forgetting people like this? It's not polite. [illegible] and I remember you very well. You're [illegible] triumphantly and added, "Don't [illegible] I hate to talk and dance at the same time [illegible]

[illegible] and they danced perhaps ten feet and the [illegible]

The strange young man commended her. "You dance [illegible] better than you did."

[illegible] It was nice to know she did some-[illegible] better than Fleury. It was even nicer to be mistaken [illegible] course, it was the amber lights or the cream [illegible] something. She really wasn't like Fleury [illegible] were merely dark blue and Fleury's were [illegible] against the pallor of her skin. Her [illegible] and brown mixed into its shining fairness. [illegible] the more at one corner than the [illegible] and provocative. And she wasn't so assured as Fleury, nor so [illegible] so beautiful.

She said solemnly to the [illegible] "I'm not Fleury at all. I'm her sister, Jean."

Courtney Sherman regarded her [illegible] and then he grinned. "Of course you're not Fleury. No wonder you didn't know me from Adam. I'm the [illegible] should apologize. But you're very much like her."

Jean shook her head.

"Oh, you're younger. I can see that now." He [illegible] away from her, his gaze skimming the [illegible] of the senior class and their invited guests. [illegible] one here seems young. What is this, anyway? I feel like the Old Man of the Mountain."

Jean enlightened him gravely, but Court Sherman found the knowledge that he had unwittingly crashed the Class Dance very funny indeed.

He inquired, sotto voce, "You won't let them put me out?" And added, by way of explanation, "I was coming home from an awfully dull dinner party and the lights and music intrigued me. Very good music, if I may say so."

Jean admitted with [illegible] on the [illegible] We had [illegible] freshmen [illegible] to make [illegible]

The [illegible] but [illegible] few steps [illegible] cut in [illegible] Jean [illegible] Courtney [illegible] go [illegible]

"What's he hanging 'round for?" Tod Jeffrey inquired heatedly later on. "Hasn't he got a home? Doesn't he know this is a private dance?"

Jean said, a little twinkle in her eye, "If you won't tell a soul, it's because he likes the [illegible]"

But at this Tod grew still more incensed. "Oh, he does, does he? And I suppose he's got to cut in on you every ten steps because he likes the music. [illegible] are other girls."

"He [illegible] many [illegible] ed out [illegible] with [illegible] him to [illegible]

Tod [illegible] tapp[illegible] moment [illegible]

Court [illegible] Jean [illegible] likes [illegible] at [illegible] And [illegible] dance. "It's because I'm sticking around, of course." He seemed to have forgotten that he didn't like to talk and dance at the same time. He said, "I thought perhaps you'd let me take you home."

[illegible] happy [illegible]

"Oh. And then after [illegible] to see [illegible] sister [illegible]

"Fleury's in Europe with [illegible] Aunt [illegible]

"Alone, where?" Court pinned her down. "At dances? Swimming? Playing tennis? I want to know."

Jean said, her heart racing because he sounded as though he really meant it, as though it wasn't just part of a superb line, "I swim and dance and play [illegible]"

Court said, "Good!" and he [illegible] as though he meant that, too.

But someone cut in then and Jean [illegible] him she probably [illegible] the same places he did. There [illegible] the country club, [illegible] chairs and sun umbrellas [illegible] courts there too. [illegible] on the not-so-[illegible] she swam in the [illegible]

There Was a Mighty Crash and a Jolt That Threw Jean Forward With Sickening Force and Then There Was Nothing.

S[illegible]

[illegible]

Mother [illegible] Court Sherman's [illegible] appraisingly. "Yes, I should think it would do very well, Jean. It's in the closet in our [illegible]"

Fleury wouldn't have whispered breathlessly to mother, as Jean did while Court was upstairs changing, "Is it all right if I ask him to stay to dinner, mom, if he seems to want to?"

Mother [illegible] said, "Of course, dear. I'll make a [illegible]

[illegible]

through [illegible] lazy [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] with only one small flaw in the shining perfection of summer days and moon-enchanted nights. With [illegible] poignant in its intensity. Why had Fleury [illegible] "Do you know what that equals [illegible]

[illegible]

T[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] each other long enough [illegible] "I think we've known each other forever [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] We [illegible] have another honeymoon [illegible] I like to work. I [illegible] a business [illegible] I've got to be [illegible] You understand."

Jean understood. She didn't care whether they went away at all. She was so blissfully happy, so utterly content. She had been right about her parents' reaction. Mom had cried a little, dad had looked stern and forbidding. But not for long. And it was the manner of the wedding they regretted, rather than the marriage itself.

* * *

WHEN [illegible] Court had bought a [illegible] It had a [illegible] a bronze [illegible]

[illegible]

* * *

E[illegible]

[illegible]

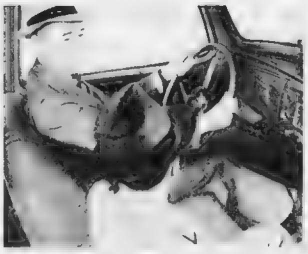
(Continued on Page [illegible])

HOW Mr. and Mrs. WILSON SAVED $200

...and got just the car they wanted!

"Wish we could have a car like that," thinks Mr. Wilson as he sees the new car next door. "Now, [illegible] of distinctive style! It would stand out anywhere. And it's a *big* car! I'd sure like to try a ride in *it*." His desire is soon granted, for there's a hail from his neighbor, Bob Foster: "Come on . . . I'll take you downtown in my new Terraplane."

"This is the sort of room we want." Six can ride, uncrowded, as Mr. Wilson sees at a glance. And look at that front seat . . . widest in any popular car [illegible] full inches of solid comfort for three. Now what's this? No gear shift or brake levers in the floor . . . nothing to stumble over! "Great to have this foot room, but Bob, how do you *shift gears?*"



"Slickest thing I ever saw," Mr. Wilson exclaims as Bob lifts his toe from the accelerator, flicks a finger on the little control lever up at the steering wheel . . . and gears shift themselves! "That's the new Selective Automatic Shift," Bob explains. "You can't get it anywhere else. And look . . . nothing new to learn! I use the regular gear positions up here at the wheel."

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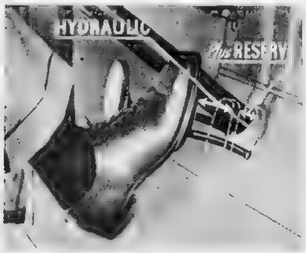
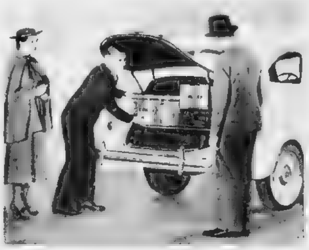


"I want this safety." Light brake pressure . . . but a short, smooth, safe stop! Only Hudson and Terraplane have such brakes . . . powerful Duo-Automatic Hydraulics. Operating from the *same* foot pedal, a *separate* safety braking system that takes hold *automatically* if ever needed. Still a *third* braking system, too, in the easy-acting parking brake, up in easy reach.

"Everything we wanted." Custom-styled instrument panel. A package locker with the record roominess of 1002 cubic inches. The safety of a body *all* of steel with seamless steel roof. No. 1 luxury in fabrics, tailoring, conveniences. Widest driving vision of any popular car. Roomy enclosed baggage compartment. And all on a full 117-inch wheelbase.



"And we save $200!" The price is the best news of all, the Wilsons discover. A low priced car with *more* than many high priced cars can offer! *All* they wanted—and more—in the No. 1 CAR of the low price field! You, too, can save important money . . . yet get just the kind of car you want . . . by dropping in at your nearest Hudson and Terraplane dealer's.

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HUDSON No. 1 CAR OF THE MODERATE PRICE FIELD

TERRAPLANE No. 1 CAR OF THE LOW PRICE FIELD

C[illegible] F A K

Marcia Claussen Stared at Linda as the Safe Door Swung Open. "How—how did you know?" She Gasped

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

LINDA LANE, beautiful chorus girl student of criminal psy[illegible] has solved several [illegible] Linda gets busy. [illegible] unknown [illegible] several feet away [illegible] Van Dyke [illegible] she [illegible] with Marcia and had [illegible] jewels away the night [illegible] Polly almost collapsed when told of her father's death.

Linda asks to see the safe [illegible] to Marcia's amaze[illegible] opens the safe.

CHAPTER III.
Linda Gets Busy

MARCIA CLAUSSEN stared at Linda as the safe door swung open.

"How—how did you know?" she gasped.

[illegible] shook her head. "I'd rather not tell you just yet," she smiled. "If [illegible]."

"But—but nobody else knew [illegible]," Marcia went on a bit suspiciously, "I thought."

Linda said, "The thieves did."

"And you got it from them?"

"No. If I had I'd know who the thieves were. But it's pos[illegible] the information came from the same source. Would you mind telling me, Miss Claussen, just who were the guests you had here last night?"

"There were only eight of us—two tables of bridge. Alec and Toni Carroll, Polly and her father, an actress named Dorrance—"

"Eva Dorrance?" Linda asked.

"Yes. With Langdon Hodges—he's a playwright, I understand—and Serge and myself."

"I see. And how did it happen, if you were playing bridge, that Miss Van Dyke came to put the jewels in the safe at half-past ten?"

"I'll tell you. Somebody happened to mention my emeralds—I don't remember who it was now—and Miss Dorrance said she'd like to see them—and the rest of my stuff. It's been written up in the newspapers, you know."

"Yes," Linda said. "I've heard about your collection. Worth close to a million, isn't it?"

"About. Anyway Polly came up, got the jewels, brought them downstairs. A small leather case I carry the junk around in when I'm traveling." She spoke as though a [illegible] dollars' worth of jewels was just [illegible] like tooth paste or cold cream. "That was at half past ten. At twelve or so we decided we'd had enough bridge and went out to look for excitement. All but Mr. Van Dyke—we dropped him at his apartment. It was around four when we came back here."

"[illegible] of you?"

"No. Mr. Hodges [illegible] with Miss Dorrance. The rest came [illegible] Polly [illegible] the Carrolls. They have an apartment downstairs in this building. Prince Vassili's staying with them."

"And when did you discover that the jewels were missing?"

"Right then. As we were going to bed. I'd taken out a couple of dinner rings to wear during the evening and Polly, who is very careful, thought I ought to lock them up again. When we opened the safe the jewel case was gone."

"Then it must have been stolen," Linda said, "between midnight, when you went out, and four o'clock, when you returned to the apartment."

"That's what I think," Miss Claussen agreed. "The police have a different theory. They believe the jewels were carried away when we left here by one of my guests."

"Why?"

"I don't know. You can't always depend on detectives to think up bright ideas. Such as Polly, for instance, giving the combination of the safe to somebody who came up during the evening and opened it."

"But—were any of the others upstairs?"

"Of course. All of them, I suppose. There are two spare bedrooms up here, with baths. When I have guests I let the men use one for their coats and things, and the women the other. You know how it is on parties—people running up and down. I'm very bohemian. The reason Polly felt so rotten when you got here was because of the way those detectives questioned her—particularly about her father. And now the poor man is dead!"

"When did you tell the police of the robbery?" Linda asked.

"I didn't tell them at all—the insurance people did that. I reported my loss to the company right after breakfast this morning—about ten o'clock. Or ten thirty. I usually sleep rather late. The detectives arrived just before lunch."

"And tried, I suppose, [illegible] Mr. Van Dyke."

"No. He [illegible] Mr. Mason's office [illegible] sibly even been shot. Are you sure, Miss Claussen, that Miss Van Dyke did not talk to her father during the morning?"

"She says she didn't. And you might as well call me Marcia. Everyone else does."

"All right, Marcia." I saw a [illegible] crinkle [illegible] face. "[illegible] don't you see, if Miss Van Dyke [illegible] communicate with her father, he couldn't possibly have known—could he—that your [illegible] had been stolen?"

"I [illegible] see how. The [illegible] people were the only [illegible] told."

"And he couldn't have seen it in the papers because the extra didn't come out until after he'd been murdered. And yet I feel certain he knew something about the robbery."

Miss Claussen's eyes darkened, her blonde eyebrows went up.

"I hope you're not suggesting Polly's father had anything to do with the affair," she snapped.

"No," Linda said. "But he must have had some knowledge of it. For one thing, Mr. Van Dyke knew the combination of your safe."

"Impossible!"

"That's how [illegible]," Linda said.

"But [illegible] at Mr. Mason's office [illegible] talked to him."

"We didn't."

"Then how—"

"I'll explain that later . . . after I've questioned Miss Van Dyke."

Miss Claussen gave Linda a bewildered look.

"It wouldn't have been at all surprising," she said, "if Polly had called her father this morning. After all, to be practically accused—"

"But she hadn't been accused this morning," Linda objected. "You say the police didn't arrive until just before lunch."

"Still she might have been afraid she would be—have wanted advice, help."

"But if she called her father why deny it? Miss Van Dyke doesn't strike me as a girl who would lie. I'm afraid there's a lot more to this than appears on the surface. Did Mr. Van Dyke owe any money, do you know?"

"I doubt it. Polly told me he'd sold everything he had last year to pay off his debts. As a matter of fact she kept up the apartment—practically supported him, but don't let her know I said so. She's terribly proud."

Linda took a cigarette from her [illegible].

"[illegible]," she said, turning to Miss Claussen. "[illegible] last [illegible] o'clock Mr. Van Dyke [illegible] first [illegible]"

[illegible] Hodges [illegible]

"Yes [illegible]"

[illegible]

"No, I don't. He [illegible]"

[illegible] Miss [illegible] Mr. Van Dyke speak of any [illegible]

"I [illegible] tell you that because I [illegible]"

Marcia Claussen shook her head.

"No," she replied. "I don't think so. Mr. Van Dyke, except for some [illegible] at his club, [illegible] seemed to have very few friends. He was cold [illegible] reserved [illegible] a backslapper. But the servants worshiped him. [illegible] says said he was a real gentleman."

"What's [illegible]?"

"[illegible] there [illegible] the house detectives [illegible]. At least [illegible] Joe Dressy. He might be the one."

Linda was twisting the big green stone [illegible] her engagement finger. It's a habit of hers when she's worried.

"He might," she said. "Now tell me about Prince Vassili and the Carrolls."

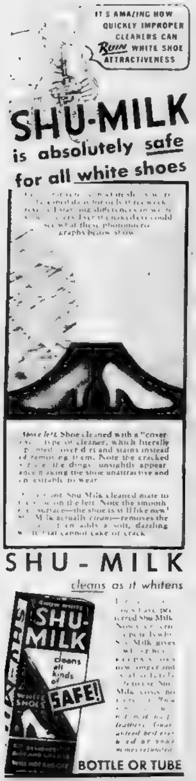
"There's nothing [illegible] I met Serge in London last Summer. At Lady Elver[illegible] after that [illegible] for a couple of years [illegible] something—I think they call it foreign exchange. We all came back together on the same steamer in October."

"And Prince Vassili is staying with the Carrolls, you say."

"[illegible] The poor boy can't afford expensive hotels. Toni was very sweet, to ask him. On my account."

"I see." Linda stopped twisting her ring and [illegible] all [illegible]

(Continued on Page 20)



IT'S AMAZING HOW QUICKLY IMPROPER CLEANERS CAN *Ruin* WHITE SHOE ATTRACTIVENESS

SHU-MILK is absolutely safe for all white shoes

[illegible]

Above left: Shoe cleaned with a "cover-[illegible] type of cleaner, which literally [illegible] over dirt and stains instead of removing them. Note the cracked [illegible] the dingy, unsightly appearance making the shoe unattractive and [illegible] to wear.

[illegible] Shu-Milk cleaned mate to [illegible] on the left. Note the smooth [illegible] surface—the shoe is still like new! [illegible] Milk actually *cleans*—removes the [illegible] a soft, dazzling [illegible] that cannot cake or crack.

SHU-MILK

cleans as it whitens

[illegible] Shu-Milk [illegible] Shu-Milk gives [illegible] Shu-Milk costs no [illegible] *leathers. Guaranteed best ever [illegible]*

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FRECKLES DISAPPEAR *in 5 to 10 days*

[illegible] NADINOLA [illegible]

NADINOLA *Freckle Cream*

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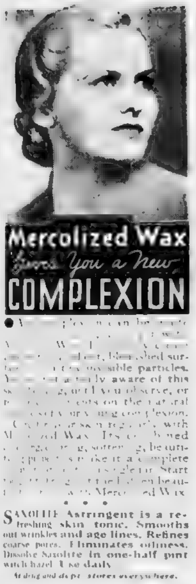

Mercolized Wax *Gives You a New* COMPLEXION

[illegible] particles. [illegible] aware of this [illegible] with Mercolized Wax. [illegible] Start [illegible] Mercolized Wax.

• • •

SAXOLITE Astringent is a refreshing skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores. Eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel. Use daily.

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Here's the Amazing Shampoo Discovery That's Thrilling the Entire Nation

IMPROPER WAY *Hair dull, covered with cloudy film*

CORRECT NEW WAY *No dull film, hair soft, shining like silk!*

NOT SOAP—NOT OIL

One Washing Brings Radiant Beauty!

It's [illegible] women everywhere [illegible] raving about this amazing, new liquid shampoo—no wonder one trial converts them for life! For it gives your hair a thrilling new gleam. Yes, [illegible] transforms dull, average-looking hair into a brilliant, glistening halo—with a single application.

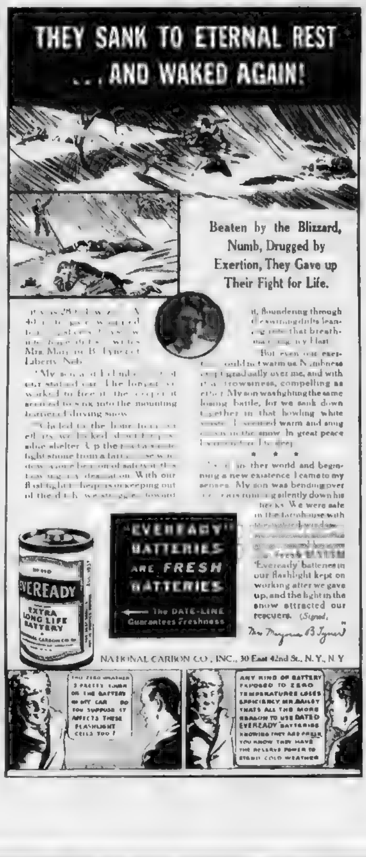
Look at the girl above. See what a difference it makes when you use [illegible]. So try it soon—see how beautiful your hair really can be.

Just how this unusual shampoo works these miracles is a new scientific secret. It isn't oil, it isn't soap—it isn't anything you've heard of [illegible] have brought us [illegible] brand new, a shampoo so [illegible] patented the [illegible] few drops and instantly you get a glorious, billowy lather. 5 times more lather than soap in hardest water. Lather so neutral—being neither acid nor alkaline—that it is ideal for either oily or dry hair. You rub it briskly into the hair, rinse thoroughly—and you're through.

"What?" you say, "no special rinses; no vinegar, lemon or after-rinses to 'cut' the lather?" No—they are not necessary—just a thorough dousing in clear water! That's the marvelous part. Drene cannot leave unrinsable film on hair to cover up natural lustre as ordinary shampoos do. Your hair is left radiant, silky smooth. Even dull, bleached or dyed hair becomes more brilliant, more natural looking after a Drene shampoo. More amazing, embarrassing flakes of dandruff disappear with a single washing, leaving the scalp scrupulously clean. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Women who have used it for months rave about the beauty and health their hair possesses—and have found its thorough cleansing is the quickest, best way to a healthy head of hair. Your scalp can really nourish the hair properly, when cleansed the Drene Way, which simply calls for one or two shampoos a week with Drene, and a few minutes of scalp massage and brushing of the hair. Then it glows with new life and lustre.

Procter & Gamble make this marvel, and you can buy it in various sizes at all drug, department and ten cent stores. Only half a tablespoonful for a perfect shampoo. The most economical and beautifying shampoo you have ever used. Try Drene at once. Buy the large size. It costs less per shampoo. Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THEY SANK TO ETERNAL REST ... AND WAKED AGAIN!



Beaten by the Blizzard, Numb, Drugged by Exertion, They Gave up Their Fight for Life.

[illegible] writes Mrs. Marjorie B. Tyner of Liberty, Neb.

"My [illegible] our stalled car. The longer [illegible] worked to free it, the deeper it seemed to sink into the mounting [illegible] driving snow.

"[illegible] we looked about for possible shelter. Up the road a [illegible] light shone from a farm [illegible] With our flashlight [illegible] keeping out of the ditch, we struggled toward it, floundering through [illegible] drifts, leaning into that breath-[illegible] blast.

"But even our exertion couldn't warm us. Numbness crept gradually over me, and with it a drowsiness, compelling as ether. My son was fighting the same losing battle, for we sank down together in that howling white waste. I seemed warm and snug [illegible] in the snow. In great peace [illegible] sleep.

* * *

"[illegible] other world and beginning a new existence I came to my senses. My son was bending over [illegible] tears running silently down his cheeks. We were safe in the farmhouse with [illegible] fresh [illegible] 'Eveready' batteries in our flashlight kept on working after we gave up, and the light in the snow attracted our rescuers." (Signed)

Mrs. Marjorie B. Tyner

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The DATE-LINE Guarantees Freshness

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC., 30 East 42nd St., N. Y., N. Y.

EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
THIS ZERO WEATHER [illegible] ON THE BATTERY IN MY CAR. DO YOU SUPPOSE IT AFFECTS THESE FLASHLIGHT CELLS TOO?
ANY KIND OF BATTERY EXPOSED TO ZERO TEMPERATURES LOSES EFFICIENCY, MR. BAILEY. THAT'S ALL THE MORE REASON TO USE DATED EVEREADY BATTERIES. KNOWING THEY ARE FRESH, YOU KNOW THEY HAVE THE RESERVE POWER TO STAND COLD WEATHER.

At bright and cheerful soda fountains everywhere, lunch time is one of the favorite times to enjoy ice-cold Coca-Cola. A drink so good by itself is a natural partner of good things to eat.

Ice-cold Coca-Cola looks refreshing . . . tastes refreshing is refreshing. Try it with your favorite sandwich.

"Coca-Cola" invites you to lunch

Wherever you go, the time comes when you begin to feel tired and thirsty. *The pause that refreshes* . . . with ice-cold Coca-Cola . . . will rest you and give you a fresh start.

When a friend says: "Let's go to lunch"...lunch time becomes more inviting. And ice-cold Coca-Cola, is inviting, too . . . to make your lunch time *refreshment time.*

For Age Lines Flabby Skin Blemishes Try This BEAUTY SECRET

FREE Extra Gifts Mail Coupon

Look Younger! Look Lovelier at Once!

[illegible] fresher, more [illegible] than ever before the first time you [illegible] Pray Jo-Ve-Nay Creme. It also [illegible] erasable lines wrinkles and [illegible] look years younger [illegible] beauty youth oils combined [illegible] In dainty oval [illegible] Fingers needn't touch [illegible] for use anywhere. Large [illegible] today

Sem-Pray Jo-Ve-Nay Means "Always Young"

Elizabeth Nusted, Sem-Pray Jo-Ve-Nay Co. Suite [illegible] Grand Rapids, Michigan [illegible] package Sem-Pray [illegible] Creme. Include introductory [illegible] Sem-Pray Jo-Ve-Nay Rouge [illegible] Powder FREE. I enclose [illegible] packing postage

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$1 PER MO.

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I WAS IN LUCK

when I spilled the ink on her dress

—for she had changed to Washable Quink, and it came out without a trace

[illegible] Parker Quink [illegible]

Parker Quink

Unblushing Confessions of a Famous "Gold-Digger"

(Continued from Double Page)

Pierre Vaysmiski, an admirer who used to whisper in my ear: "Ruin me, Lina, but never leave me." Though I deceived him, brought him to the verge of bankruptcy, and left him, Pierre always liked me. Once fabulously rich, this ex-aide-de-camp of the Grand Duke Alexander died destitute, at 70, in an institution for the aged at Mentone.

Until a few months before his passing, I was unaware of his misery. In fact, I had not heard from him for years and had completely forgotten him when I learned by chance of his whereabouts and hurried to his side. I offered him money so he could have the best of care in a private hospital, where he was dying of consumption, but the Prince, while thanking me for my kind intentions, refused any pecuniary aid, declaring he was rich in faith.

After returning to Nice, I received a letter in which Pierre prayed me not to visit him again. He declared that my presence at his beside might blot out the bright picture he had kept of me when I was in my prime, that he wished to remember the sun of beauty in its glamorous meridian, not in its decline. I respected his wish and did not go back to Mentone. When he expired, I sent flowers to be placed on his grave, but lacked the courage to attend the funeral of the man who had lavished millions on me.

Zaza's death, which followed shortly afterwards, did not raise my drooping spirits. This Spanish noblewoman, shrunken with age, had been my companion and confidante for a decade. A General's daughter (her real name was Maria de Mendoza), she had made her debut in the demimonde at Madrid about the beginning of the century. Later she went to Lisbon, where she happened to see me dancing at the Teatro Avenida and threw me a bouquet from the royal box. Portugal's ruler, whom she ruled with her little finger, was chief among her conquests at that time.

Twenty years elapsed before I saw Zaza again. The King's darling had become a drink-befuddled woman with furrowed skin and watery eyes, the laughing stock of Paris' smart set. Not only had she suffered the persecutions of Time, which turned this Venus into a Sycorax, and of Mischance, that left her a tattered outcast in Paris, but the torments of her soi-disant friend, the Comtesse de Jolival (called Lysi by her comrades).

The Countess, whose antipathy for men did not prevent her wearing "pants" in public (like the Marquise de Belboeuf, sister of the Duc de Morny), had picked Zaza out of the gutter and kept her to show off to her guests. Lysi dressed her up like a muscle-dancer, daubed her face with rouge, dyed her hair red and made her drunk for the sake of a laugh. I felt so sorry for the hiccoughing creature that I took her away from the Countess, employing her as my "dame de compagnie."

The death of Zaza put a stop to my mad gambling. Her fate, I reflected, would be mine if I failed to prepare for the unremunerative years and stupidly spent what remained of my pile. Having lost heavily one night at the Casino, I came home in a pensive mood and, standing before the looking-glass, addressed my likeness somewhat as follows:

"Foolish woman, you have always deemed yourself clever. You have boasted that you are unrivaled in the art of pulling a man's leg, that you can induce any miser to give you the key of his strong-box. It tickles your vanity when people call you a calculating coquette, yet have you ever calculated how you might save the rest of your bank-roll by settling a life-annuity on yourself?

"Do you want to die in poverty like Zaza, like Anna Deslion, demi-mondaine and gambler who shared with Leonide Leblanc the love of Prince Napoleon; like Caroline Letessier, a Cytherean whose success in Russia surpassed your own; like Blanche d'Antigny, famed for her dancing, champagne-baths and diamonds like Cora Pearl, dizened scarlet woman who drove lovers to despair and death, like you?

"Perhaps you cherish the illusion that you can still catch a rich man with your subtle wiles. Don't deceive yourself, past-mistress of deception! You forget that you are over 60 and do not grow younger each day, that by covering your cheeks with paint you can't recover youth. While a woman is young and pretty, men vie with each other in the adulation of her charms, but once old age has disfigured her, she ceases to interest them.

"Your triumphant sex-appeal, which threw men into a fever of admiration, is but a melancholy remembrance. Gone is the epoch of 1900—Golden Age of frivolity when women were rewarded for their vices, not their virtues, and you stood among the first in physical bloom and perfection.

"Then everything about you was a provocation and solicitation. A sensual temptation sprang involuntarily from you, from your gestures, from your gait, from the slightest of your movements. Beside you, a man felt that he was near one of those disturbing creatures whose faces torment his midnight thoughts and violate his dreams.

"In that far-distant time you held all the trumps in the game of chance called life. You astonished the world by the brilliance of your jewels, the splendor of your dress. Your numerous residences, servants, carriages, gems, gowns, in short, all things appertaining to you were bewilderingly resplendent. You made the wisest fools, deceived the most discerning. How well, cunning minx, you had mastered the technique of getting a great deal without giving anything in return!

"Your fatal loveliness brought men to a violent end and turned the honest into villians. Death lurked in the shadow of your alcove. Graves were stepping-stones to your ambition. Sinister was your celebrity! You were a bitter honey, a sweet poison, a delicate destruction—the ruin of youth, a waster of fortunes, destroyer of families, the most dangerous of sirens.

"Today the enchantress' wand is broken. Years have impaired your beauty and bedimmed your splendor. La Belle Otero is belle no more. The 'Apple of Love' is shriveled and decayed, the witch-garden flower wilted, the idol of all men's worship discrowned.

"Do not expect to trick men now after Time's dishonoring hand has streaked your hair with gray, taken the sparkle from your eyes, traced wrinkles on your brow that no fard can dissemble, and made your lips—once poppy-red and paired like two fine rhymes—look quite prosaic by tinting them the color of faded violets.

"You used to be a dancer with slender waist and supple limbs and could bend like a reed or whirl like a weathervane. At present, you are about as elastic and light on your feet as a statue of stone, and would make an excellent caryatid for a Casino.

"Late hours and the heated atmosphere of Houses of Cards have ruined your health. Rich food has upset your liver while your limbs that formerly moved with rhythm are racked with rheumatic pains.

"You are dropping more and more into oblivion. The summit of your fame was reached long ago, and now you are taking the path leading downward on the farther slope, attended by Memory—the gloomiest of companions. At every onward stage the scenery is certain to become more sombre, and in due time you will be overwhelmed in sudden darkness.

"Because you have reached the limits of human experience, have tasted of every dish to satiety at life's table, you kill the weary days with cards and take no thought of the morrow. When you have gambled away your last franc, disenchanted woman, what will you do? Creep along the street and ask for charity? Your Spanish pride would not let you. Betake yourself to a convent, like Rose Pompon, the Parisian beauty? Remember games of chance are not tolerated behind convent walls.

"How much better it would be to look at things philosophically, indulge less often in the delights of gaming, invest your remaining wealth in a life-annuity, and lead a retired existence."

Here I grew tired of talking to my reflection and went to bed resolved to buy a life-annuity the next morning. I kept my resolution and now have in the neighborhood of 15,000 francs a month to live on, a paltry sum compared to the festive times I extracted 200,000 francs weekly from the pockets of my dupes.

Have I given up gaming? No, but my vigils are not very long at the green tables. To tell the truth, I am powerless to master this passion and, were I dispossessed of everything, would doubtless imitate the hair-brained Duc de Courson-Launay, who once bet and lost every hair on his body and in consequence was unable to move a step for a fortnight.

The End.

Curtains

by Frederic Arnold Kummer

(Continued from Page 18)

back downstairs. Mr. Robbins was in the studio pouring out a drink.

I went to the big Sheffield tray and ate three caviar sandwiches and some chicken aspic. It certainly does take a lot out of you not to have lunch.

Then the butler, a small fishy-eyed Englishman who looked like Uriah Heep, came to the door of the studio with two men. One of them was short and gray-haired, the other young and quite nice-looking.

"We've finished with the maids, Miss Claussen," the gray-haired man said, "but we'd like to talk to Miss Van Dyke again."

"You can't," Marcia replied. "She's in bed."

The older of the two sniffed, his eyes covering Linda and the rest of us.

"Seemed O.K. when I was here a while ago," he said.

Linda turned to him, very grave.

"That was before she knew her father had been killed," she said.

"Killed?" Both men stared hard. "We just called his club; they say he's expected back there any minute. I'm Deputy Inspector Bridges, Miss... Police Department. This is Mr. Kurtz, he represents the insurance company. Who are you?"

"These ladies are friends of mine," Miss Claussen said.

Linda said: "My name is Lane. This is Miss Tabb. And Mr. Robbins... Mr. Van Dyke was murdered, around half-past one at the office of a lawyer named Mason Clark Mason."

"How do you know?" The inspector's eyes opened.

"I was there," Linda was very calm. "We all three were. You can find out about it by calling up Sergeant Olds, of the Homicide Bureau, he has the case in charge."

Inspector Bridges went to the telephone; when he came back he seemed puzzled.

"That's right," he muttered, "about Van Dyke. What I don't get is how you people know where to find his daughter so quick. Olds didn't. These Van Dykes friends of yours?"

"I never saw either of them until today," Linda said. "Mr. Robbins has known the family for years. We came to bring Miss Van Dyke the dreadful news; no wonder she collapsed."

"I think I'll go up and see how Polly is." Marcia went to the stairs.

"If you don't mind, Inspector, I'd like to ask you one or two questions," Linda smiled. "Shall we sit down?"

The inspector sank into a chair. there is something about Linda's smile that gets them.

"You representing Miss Claussen in the case professionally?" he asked, a twinkle in his eyes.

"Yes... she told you that."

"And this lady?" he gave me a funny look.

"My assistant," Linda replied coolly. I tried not to smile. "Anything you tell us will, of course, be confidential."

"Hm. What do you want to know, Miss?"

"Your theory about the robbery. I suppose you've talked to everyone who was here last night? You and Mr. Kurtz."

"All but Van Dyke," the inspector replied. "And that's out now."

"And who do you think took the jewels?"

"Well, Miss, I don't mind telling you I figure it an inside job. Only two people knew the combination of the safe. Miss Claussen and her secretary. The Van Dyke girl takes the stuff upstairs. Three things could have happened. One, she may have given the combination to somebody else. Two, she may have left the door of the safe open instead of locking it. Three, she put the jewel case in her father's overcoat pocket. She could have, easy enough; there wasn't any maid on duty in the room where the men parked their hats and coats. The butler says, when the crowd left, he noticed something heavy in the old gentleman's pocket... something that... rattled. The jewel case; I figure he walked out with it."

"We know," the man from the insurance company added, "that Mr. Van Dyke was very hard up; his daughter was practically supporting him."

Linda said: "What makes you so sure the jewels weren't taken by someone from outside? Either during the bridge game, or after the party left here."

"Nothing to it." The inspector lit a cigar. "Nobody could get in, for one thing. This building's modern, hasn't any fire-escapes. And the apartments above and below are leased by responsible people; we've checked on that. After the party left, Miss Claussen's personal maid sat up for her. In the bedroom. Always does. To help her undress. Miss Claussen demands service. I suppose you get that way with sixty millions. If the girl's telling the truth, and I think she is, nobody could have got near that safe..."

"I see." Linda nodded.

"Now take the guests Miss Claussen had here. Vassili... the Prince... wouldn't steal the stuff, he's all set to marry it. A guy don't steal from himself. Hodges, the playwright, and his girl friend, Miss Dorrance, never met Miss Van Dyke before, so I can't see her working with them, giving them the combination. This Carroll and his wife are rich people, good standing, or they wouldn't be living here in the building... you got to show references before you can rent one of these apartments, it's like getting into a club. I've seen the manager of the house; satisfied myself about that. Also, they're friends of this now, Vassili, and wouldn't be likely to do anything that would queer his marrying sixty millions. Which leaves the girl and her father on the spot."

"Why do you think he was killed?" Linda asked, her eyes growing brighter and brighter.

"It all fits in," the inspector replied. "Somebody knows he copped those stones... somebody he's working with, on the outside. I guess you don't realize it, Miss, but important jobs like this are usually framed up by big crooks... fences... in advance. If the old man tried to double-cross one of those birds, tried to hold out on them, they'd give him the works so quick he'd never know it. Looks to me like that was what happened; they followed him this morning from his club to the lawyer's office, bumped him off in the reception room. Maybe got the jewels, too, if he had them on him."

"Maybe," Linda said, "but I don't think so. Somehow I can't picture Mr. Van Dyke and his daughter as crooks."

The inspector shrugged, his expression was cynical.

"If that girl didn't give away the combination, or leave the

(Continued on Page 22)

I'M DATED UP 'TIL A WEEK FROM THURSDAY!

She was easily the most popular girl in town. And the funny part of it is that less than a year before she would have been hard put to it to get a man to take her anywhere. More fortunate than many girls who go blindly on wondering why they are seldom invited out, she had found the source of her trouble and quickly corrected it with the surest means at her command.

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When you rinse your mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, here is what happens: (1) Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted; (2) decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gums, and teeth surfaces; (3) millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright; (4) the breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened. Use Listerine Antiseptic before business and social engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

LISTERINE

CHECKS HALITOSIS (BAD BREATH)

FALSE TEETH

Wear Them With Comfort Though Mouth Tissues Change

[illegible] make the flesh of the [illegible] keep your dental plate in [illegible] dentist check up [illegible] refit it [illegible] false teeth [illegible] alkaline [illegible] breath [illegible]

INGROWN NAIL

QUICK SAFE RELIEF!

[illegible] day from ingrown [illegible] this painful foot [illegible] and inflammation [illegible] preventing infection [illegible] drug department and [illegible]

Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL

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Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours. They are deodorizing as well as antiseptic and soothing.

5 REASONS WHY WOMEN PREFER NORFORMS

Every day, more and more women are adopting Norforms for Feminine Hygiene, because

1. Norforms are so easy *to use*. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They come in a convenient package of twelve.
2. They contain *Parahydrecin*, a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. No danger of an overdose or "burn" with Norforms.
3. They leave no embarrassing antiseptic odor about room or person. In fact, they are deodorizing, and many women use them for this purpose alone.
4. They remain in effective, antiseptic contact for many hours.
5. Norforms can be used regularly. They are soothing and beneficial as well as antiseptic.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR

Send for the new Norforms booklet, [illegible] Made Easy. Or, buy a box of Norforms at your drug store today; each package comes with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York

NORFORMS

Known to Physicians as "Norforms" © N.P.C. 1937

unless removed Root* and All

WHEN you pare your corns at home you only remove the surface, with risk of severe infection. Soon the corn comes back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever. Use the new double-action Blue-Jay method. Pain stops instantly by removing the pressure, then the entire corn lifts out Root and All in 3 short days (exceptionally severe cases may require a second application).

Blue-Jay is a tiny scientifically medicated plaster. Held snugly in place by Wet-Proof adhesive. Can't stick to stockings. Doesn't make shoes tight. Get Blue-Jay today. 25c for a package of 6 at all druggists.

BLUE-JAY

BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

Wonderful Flavor in the Bag

...and costs less money

PROUD TO SERVE IT—"When friends drop in for an afternoon chat, I almost always serve them coffee. My coffee is Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee in the bag and I'm proud to give it to my guests! It tastes so extra rich and delicious—like something very special indeed. And to think it's so inexpensive, now it comes in the paper bag!
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WONDERFULLY REFRESHING—"As an art student, I spend long hours trying to get a line or a color just right. And when I stop work, there's nothing I enjoy more than a delicious, bracing cup of Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee. It's wonderfully refreshing! And now it's packed in the paper bag, it's saving me money!" *Irene Dyar, Indianapolis, Ind.*

DATED COFFEE in the bag wins praise from enthusiastic housewives everywhere, for quality, freshness and economy! The world's choice coffees give it its extra-rich, full-bodied flavor. And its freshness is *guaranteed* by our Dating Plan. Every bag of *Dated* Coffee is rushed fresh from the roasting ovens to your grocer, clearly marked with the date of delivery, for your protection against stale, rancid taste.

This means we can pack this fine coffee in an inexpensive paper bag and pass the saving on to you. Buy a pound of delicious Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee in the economical bag at your grocer's tomorrow!

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QUALITY UP—PRICE DOWN—"My job is tuning airplane motors, but I figure I know something about coffee, too. Anyway, one sure thing—*Dated* Coffee in the bag delivers an awful lot of fine quality and rich flavor, and costs less, besides. It's a great coffee, and I get a real 'kick' out of drinking it."
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THROUGH EXPERIMENTING—"I'm very fond of coffee and I've tried a number of different brands. But since I found Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee in the bag—with its fine, fresh flavor and its money-saving price—I'm all through experimenting. *Dated* Coffee is the best in every way, I think, and so it's my coffee from now on."
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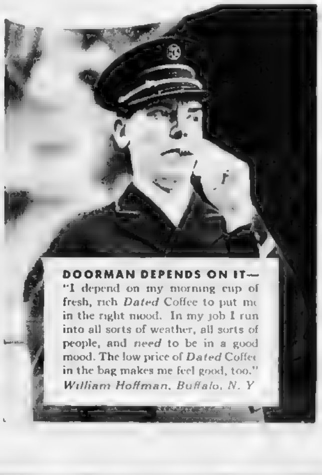
HAPPY DAY FOR HER BUDGET—"My husband and I have a weakness for good, rich coffee, and *Dated* Coffee is certainly both rich and good. We drink a lot of it! That's why it was a happy day for my budget when Chase & Sanborn put *Dated* Coffee in the economical bag."
Mrs. Henry C. Parker, Maywood, N. J



DOORMAN DEPENDS ON IT—"I depend on my morning cup of fresh, rich *Dated* Coffee to put me in the right mood. In my job I run into all sorts of weather, all sorts of people, and *need* to be in a good mood. The low price of *Dated* Coffee in the bag makes me feel good, too."
William Hoffman, Buffalo, N. Y

C[illegible]

F[illegible] A[illegible] K[illegible]

(Continued from Page 20)

[illegible] into it," he said "There are ex[illegible] pulled the trick by listening to the fall of the tumblers, but it wasn't done last night Takes too long None of that bunch was upstairs more than two or three minutes" The inspector rose, seized his hat "Well, Miss, I wish you luck Going my way Kurtz? We'll have to put off that talk with Miss Van Dyke until tomorrow"

As the detectives went out Marcia Claussen came down the stairs

"Polly's asleep [illegible]" she announced "What did those two men have to offer?"

"They think she's guilty" Linda said "She and her father"

"[illegible] Mr Robbins [illegible] Look here, you girls, as long as Polly's asleep I can't be of any use around here, suppose we go and get that lunch . ."

"Better make it dinner," I said "Early We have to be at the theatre at seven o'clock"

"There are some things I want to do, first." Linda glanced at her watch

"Mind if I trail along?" Mr. Robbins' eagerness was pathetic "I'd like to help If you need any money"

"It isn't a question of money," Linda said "If I can get Miss Van Dyke out of this trouble..."

"Go to it" Marcia Claussen placed a large pink hand on Linda's shoulder "And blame the expense!"

CHAPTER IV.

Sinister Influences.

WHEN we got to the ground floor Linda spoke to the clerk at the desk

"I'm acting for Miss Claussen," she said, "and would like to see the manager of the building"

There is no doubt that money talks, especially such a lot of it as sixty millions

"I'll tell Mr Endicott" the clerk replied Two minutes later she was ushering us into the manager's private office A small, dapper man, very well-groomed, sitting behind a large bare desk

"Yes?" he inquired

"Miss Claussen has engaged me to investigate the theft of her jewels, Mr. Endicott," Linda said. "My name is Lane. These are friends .."

"What can I do for you?" The little man waved us to chairs

"I'd like some information about Mr Alexander Carroll .. one of your tenants," Linda said.

Mr Endicott's smile froze. I don't think he liked the word 'tenants' Very [illegible] class

"I'm sorry but we make it a rule never to discuss our guests" he replied

Linda wasn't at all discouraged by that she [illegible] sweetly

"I don't wish to discuss Mr. Carroll" she said "I want to look at his references He gave some, of course"

"Oh of course That is imperative here But I have already gone over the matter with the police. His credentials were quite satisfactory"

"So Inspector Bridges told me May I see them for myself?"

For a moment the little man hesitated, then he turned to a file behind his desk

"This is very irregular," he muttered, taking out a thin cardboard folder, "but as a concession to Miss Claussen..." He produced two letters.

I read them as Linda did One was from a New York bank, stating that Mr. Carroll had maintained an account with them for the past three years and that their dealings had been entirely satisfactory. The other, written from a fashionable address in Chicago, was signed by a Mr Arthur Hooper, who endorsed his friend Mr. Carroll as a man of exceptional standing in both the social and business worlds

Linda made some notes on a slip of paper.

"Do you know anything about Mr Hooper?" she asked

"The Chicago telephone directory lists him at the address given," the manager said, a bit stiffly "One of the most exclusive apartment houses in the city Beyond that we saw no occasion to go"

Linda smiled, ironically, I thought.

"You understand," she said "that I am making these inquiries as a matter of routine and should not care to have Mr. Carroll informed of them."

"Oh quite" Mr Endicott nodded

"And now," Linda said, "I'd like to talk to your house detective, Joe Dorsey"

That I think, caused the manager some surprise although he did his best not to show it

"Why. I .I see no objections," he stammered, picking up the telephone. A few moments later a tall, cadaverous looking man appeared at the door

"Joe," Mr Endicott said, "these people are friends of Miss Claussen's They want to ask you some questions, if the reception room is unoccupied you can take them in there Please [illegible] Miss Lane," he went on to Linda, "that one thing we cannot have here is publicity. Newspaper publicity So any facts you may learn..."

"I understand," Linda nodded "Don't worry, this is a private investigation . I'm not connected with the press"

The big room across the lobby was empty Linda sat with the detective on a couch Mr Robbins and I smoked, it helps when you're hungry

"You knew Mr Van Dyke?" Linda said

"Sure" The man stiffened "Why do you say 'knew,' miss?"

"Because he's dead" Linda [illegible]

Dorsey gulped in amazement

"Dead? Are you kidding me?"

"Mr. Van Dyke was shot," [illegible] He had written some letters [illegible] One of them was [illegible] Does that mean anything to you?"

The detective sat still, his shoulders drooping

"I don't know," he said slowly "When Mr Van Dyke came here around dinner time last night he seemed upset .worried ..like he was afraid of something.. somebody I spoke to him, same as I always did and he told me, kind of kidding, that he thought he'd have to hire a bodyguard and would I like the job?"

"Well...I didn't know what he meant, but he was scared all right so I stuck out front with the carriage starter, thinking maybe the old gentleman was being followed And about five minutes later I saw something funny"

"What?" Linda asked, eagerly.

"Why...a big car . one of these foreign jobs . drove up and a couple got out The woman was this Eva Dorrance, the actress, I've seen her, plenty times, in shows She had a boy friend with her.. I heard, since, they were guests of Miss Claussen's But what froze me, there was another man in the car who didn't get out Slumped back in the corner; I'd never have noticed him if I hadn't been looking close A guy named Corbus"

"Corbus?" Linda's expression was blank

"Sure. Max Corbus. A big-shot gambler"

"How did you happen to know who he was"

Dorsey lifted a shrunken left arm

"I used to be on the force" he said "Detective, this precinct Last year I got in front of a gangster's typewriter, those tommy-guns sure do spill a lot of lead. Four slugs in me yet Mr Endicott gave me a job..."

"Yes," Linda laid her hand on [illegible] gesture [illegible] to make Joe Dorsey her friend for life "About this Corbus ..?"

"A wise guy, Miss Used to run a stuss game craps, over on the East Side, but he's in the important money now Gambling has always been his racket, just at present he's fronting for a place on 54th Street called The Widow's"

"I've been there," Robbins said, "with Marcia and her gang; she's nuts about gambling Well, I suppose it's a quick way to get rid of superfluous dividends"

"Yes" Linda [illegible] tremendously interested. "Miss Claussen spoke of the place Have you mentioned seeing Corbus to the police, Mr. Dorsey?"

"No. You heard what Mr Endicott said about publicity and it didn't mean anything that I could see But I told Mr. Van Dyke"

"When?"

"As the party left a little after twelve They was waiting for Miss Claussen's car to come around from the garage He just [illegible]"

[illegible] her green [illegible]

"This place called The Widow's," she asked "Is it run by a woman?"

"No. That's just a stall I've heard Goldfarb's money is back of the joint It's protected all right, we used to stage a raid every so often but it was only a grandstand play; they always had the tip-off"

"Goldfarb? You mean Julius Goldfarb, the wealthy real estate man?"

"[illegible] Miss that bird's one of the biggest gamblers in New York Doesn't think anything of winning or losing a hundred grand a night [illegible] but they [illegible] went back to Chi in the baggage car [illegible] either pay [illegible] or else He's in everything from the dope racket to Broadway productions Wouldn't surprise me to find he'd had a finger in this Claussen job"

"The police think Miss Van Dyke and her father took the jewels," Linda said

"Baloney!" Mr Dorsey shook his head. "Miss Van Dyke is out! There's a real lady [illegible] of these phonies trying to cover up the fact they come from the wrong side of the railroad track by using a broad 'A' Fact of that Dorrance woman showing up here with Corbus proves something And wasn't she the one asked Miss Claussen to let her see the jewels?"

"Yes," Linda said "But why?"

"Might of wanted to be sure the stuff was there in the safe," Dorsey said

"But it doesn't make sense," Linda replied "Everyone in the party knew the things were there . or could have found out easily enough by asking Miss Claussen, she made no secret of it Why should Eva Dorrance be brought into the picture If she was going to take the jewels I can't imagine her advertising the fact by asking to look at them in advance"

"Corbus [illegible] jake, sends her boy friend upstairs to make the touch"

"In which case, how did he know the combination?" Linda asked softly. "And why was Mr. Van Dyke shot?"

"That's so," Dorsey scratched his chin "It does look sort of bad for the girl and her father Unless, of course, they've been framed"

"I've thought of that" Linda put out her hand "Well . we must run along I'm tremendously obliged Mr Dorsey, for your help" She turned to Robbins and myself "We'd better hurry it's getting late"

"My idea," Robbins said, "is a quick drink ."

"Not until dinner," Linda [illegible] "Wait here a minute, you two. I want to telephone"

Mr Robbins' eyes were so [illegible] with disappointment that I laughed; Linda's swift activity left him bewildered

"How does she do it?" he muttered. "Without any lunch, too!"

"I've often wondered myself," I replied in spite of my caviar I was conscious of an absent feeling about the waistline "But there is always dinner" I said [illegible] the [illegible]

"[illegible] us," she announced "At dinner [illegible]"

"Clark!" That gave me quite a shock "I noticed he couldn't keep his eyes off you"

Linda's smile at times is an enigma.

"Why . Tabby!" she grinned That is a nickname she knows I particularly dislike "It was on your account. And of course we may need legal advice Mr Robbins, will you please find a cab? We're going to see Mr La[illegible] Hodges"

[illegible] glassy

[illegible] after the [illegible]

"[illegible] better keep sober" Linda snapped back as we went out to the sidewalk, "because he's likely to have several more before the [illegible]"

CHAPTER V.

Complications.

MR. HODGES' apartment on Lexington Avenue was luckily [illegible] distance away a former residence converted into flats. We went up to the top floor in an automatic elevator so small that the three of us could barely squeeze inside

[illegible] we were friends of Marcia Claussen's [illegible] you'd better let me do the talking, he sounded rather difficult over the phone but agreed to see us on Marcia's account"

Mr Hodges, a small, tired man in sweater and slacks, was waiting at the elevator, not at all pleased I thought He took us into a large, disordered room at the front of the house

"Well?" he said, brushing the

(Continued on Page 25)

"What froze me," Said the Detective, "there was another man in the car who didn't get out. Slumped down. Max Corbus, the bigshot gambler.

READ THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly—there's no other magazine like it.

FREE AMAZING NEW SPONGE with every pint can of No. 7 DUCO POLISH

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[illegible]

IT'S THE FASTEST POLISH I EVER USED

GRIME DOES NOT PAY . . . USE No. 7

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THANKS TO HIS OLIVE OIL POWDER

MOTHER [illegible] Z.B.T. [illegible]

Z.B.T. Olive Oil BABY POWDER

SOFT CORNS ---CALLOUSES

No sensible person will [illegible]

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POOR RUTH! WHAT YOU NEED TO DO IS ENO-IZE! WHENEVER I FEEL CONSTIPATED --OR WHEN I HAVE ONE OF THOSE PLAGUEY HEADACHES OR ACID INDIGESTION [illegible] HAVE A GLASSFUL OF ENO!
ALL RIGHT, JANE--I'LL TRY IT.
LATER
ENO CERTAINLY HELPED TO PUT ME BACK ON MY FEET! AND I'M TAKING A LITTLE ENO EVERY [illegible] TO HELP ME KEEP FIT. [illegible] REALLY TASTES GOOD TOO!

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YOU'LL LIKE ENO the pleasant-tasting alkalizing laxative

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Hay While the Sun Shines

A Story of a Girl Who Fell in Love With the Man Her Sister Wanted to Marry.

By Rosamond Du Jardin

(Continued from Page 16)

[illegible] more beautiful than [illegible]. She [illegible] and fascinating. That's why I was afraid to let [illegible] those [illegible] between us. Oh [illegible] given [illegible] settle [illegible] to work [illegible] something [illegible] you don't need that. And I can't be beautiful [illegible] I can't [illegible]. Maybe I can have [illegible]. Wouldn't [illegible] if I could [illegible] if I [illegible]. Because [illegible] Court. Not for [illegible] such. Perhaps I've cheated you, Oh Court [illegible] do you feel cheated?"

But of course she said none of [illegible]. Nor could she con[illegible] the fre[illegible] she [illegible] to the rambling [illegible] house by the river. Mom [illegible] thought so well of both her girls, somehow Jean couldn't disillusion her [illegible] and tell her that one of [illegible] was [illegible] and [illegible] other a deceitful little sneak.

[illegible] enough it was Tod Jeffrey into whose sympathetic ear she finally poured her troubles. Tod, who had lived next door to the Drakes for years, with whom Jean had gone to school and to her very first parties. Tod, who had managed to grin a trifle wryly when she [illegible] of her marriage, to grin and say, "I thought I'd marry you myself some day, not that it matters."

Nor had it mattered where their friendship was concerned. Jean still played tennis with Tod when the spirit moved her, still [illegible] with him on the lazy river when the more aloof atmosphere [illegible] the [illegible] marble pool at the club palled. Tod was the first one she thought of when [illegible] came. Fleury's [illegible]. "Docked [illegible]. Home Thursday. It looks [illegible]."

She had to explain that last [illegible] when she showed Tod [illegible]. It was October and [illegible] for [illegible]. But they [illegible] a [illegible] on the [illegible] with a crisp breeze in their [illegible] on their [illegible].

And Jean said [illegible], "She [illegible] marrying Court while she was away making hay while the sun shines. That's what she [illegible] about rain."

[illegible] frowning when she [illegible]. "What are you [illegible]? [illegible] he's sore [illegible] sitting in the golden seat so far as I can see. You're married to him. He loves you. Doesn't he?"

Jean said, "Yes, but—" and then she stopped. It wouldn't be fair to Court to imply that she wasn't sure of him. She was sure of him in a way. She knew he [illegible] her. But all her life she had been overshadowed by Fleury. All her life she had seen Fleury [illegible] share of attention [illegible] as her just due [illegible] because she was Fleury [illegible] beautiful and because she [illegible] knowing how to [illegible] everything she wanted. Jean [illegible] resent [illegible]. But [illegible] thing that mattered [illegible] to her [illegible] the world was at stake, fear of Fleury ran through her veins in a flaming torrent. Fleury had always got what she wanted and Fleury still [illegible] Court.

[illegible] abruptly [illegible] her [illegible]. "Never mind Tod. [illegible] so happy I'm [illegible] afraid something [illegible] happen to spoil things. [illegible] shadow. Forget it [illegible]?"

[illegible] said, "Sure!" And he [illegible] his nice blue eyes [illegible] serious. He knew Fleury rather well and so he [illegible] thoughtfully. "Nothing will happen. But if anything should [illegible]."

[illegible] Fleury actually arrived a few days later it seemed that Tod had been right. She was [illegible] gay, her arresting [illegible] enhanced by the expensive [illegible] Aunt Bette had [illegible] for her [illegible] to [illegible] more [illegible] than it [illegible] ever been. Jean, deeply ashamed of the fears and suspicions she had harbored, was [illegible] to [illegible] of her sister [illegible]. [illegible] proceeded [illegible] than had [illegible] the new and pleasant [illegible] sprang up between [illegible] encouraged by Jean [illegible] habit of dropping [illegible] white-painted [illegible] the gay companionship [illegible] much to dissipate the loneliness that had hemmed Jean in. The two girls went everywhere together to matinees, to the club for tea or cards. Afterwards Fleury might come home with Jean, staying on for dinner with her and Court, sitting late before their roaring fire, playing foolish, amusing games, or they might go back to the club to dance, sometimes just the three of them, sometimes with another man for Fleury.

More than once Court said, "Swell kid Fleury. Fun to have around. Makes it less lonely for you. Doesn't she?"

And at first Jean could agree wholeheartedly, "Oh, much! I don't know what I'd do without her."

But after a while certain things began to strike her as being a little queer; certain changes in Fleury. There was her new and unheard of indifference to men. Fleury, who had never been content with less than half a dozen dangling; Fleury who had always wanted life to be an endless round of gayety, of feverish action. Why, Fleury was spending half her time with Jean—or with Jean and Court. Not all at once did the subtlety of Fleury's campaign become evident to her sister. But little by little, unwillingly, Jean began to grasp the infinite craft of her methods. Now she knew, beyond the shadow of a doubt: Fleury still wanted Court. She meant to have him.

There was so little Jean could do. Court's feeling for her remained apparently unchanged but that would alter subtly, too. She must be alert for the first faint sign, the first torturing intimation that Fleury had managed to break through into the secret stronghold that was their love. Her nerves were taut and ragged with waiting. She grew paler than she had been and thinner too.

Tod Jeffrey remarked the fact with characteristic frankness one afternoon when they met by accident on Midland's main street. Jean had been shopping; the yellow roadster Court had given her was parked at the curb.

"You look like somebody's ghost!" said Tod. "What's the matter with you? Boy, this is a day that should put roses in any gal's cheeks!"

Jean grinned, but her casual banter didn't quite ring true. "I've gone hot-house. Haven't you heard? I'm an orchid woman and I have to stay pale to look the part."

"Nuts!" said Tod lightly, but his eyes were worried. And then he said, "I've got an idea. How about goin' skatin' with me? The river ice is swell."

Jean's smile was wistful. She hadn't been skating this year and here it was almost December. She said, on a sudden impulse, "Okay! Hop in, Tod. We'll drive out for my skates and then get yours."

She left Tod in the roadster and ran lightly up the steps, opened the brass-studded door. The hall was dimly green after the snowy glare outside. Jean stood for a moment hesitant, trying to adjust her eyes to the abrupt change. From the living-room beyond came the crisp crackle of flames. Then Fleury's voice, low and vibrant, shaken with feeling, reached Jean's ears.

Fleury said, "Darling—" And then, after a moment's pause, "It's been so long, so horribly long. I was afraid it was only I who felt like this, that you weren't ever going to realize—"

Jean wasn't conscious of groping behind her for the doorknob. She wasn't conscious of slipping out quietly, of going down the steps again and along the shoveled path to the car. She looked up blankly and there was Tod, staring at her.

There was Tod's voice, asking sharply, "Jean, what's wrong?"

Jean got into the roadster beside him. The motor roared and she swung around crazily, grazing a bank of piled-up snow, heading out along the road away from town.

She spoke, forming each word carefully with numb lips. "We were wrong, Tod. We were both wrong. Thinking nothing would happen, that everything would go on as it was. I guess people always think what they want to think. But something inside of me knew better. Something inside of me was sure it couldn't last." Her voice trailed away.

Tod said, a little quiver of apprehension in his tone, "Would you mind telling me what you're talking about?"

Jean laughed, but it wasn't a particularly successful laugh. It sounded more like crying. Her eyes were wide and blind with tears, but she wouldn't shed them. What was the sense? What was the sense in anything for that matter?

She said, because Tod knew so much now, because he'd never tell, "It's Fleury. Fleury and Court. They—they—"

Tod said, "Jean, you're crazy. You're imagining—"

Jean laughed again. She said, her voice breaking, "Imagining? I've done enough of that. Now—I know. I heard them talking. Fleury loves Court. And Court—"

She wanted to say, "Court loves Fleury." She wanted to be quite calm and adult and matter-of-fact. But the words wouldn't come. Tears came instead, blinding tears, blurring the snowy landscape, making the road and the trees and the round red eye of a stop-light all run together in a crazy confusion.

There was a scream of brakes and Jean's foot pressed down instinctively. There was a mighty crashing and splintering and a jolt that threw her forward with sickening force. And then there was nothing.

But after what seemed only a moment there was a cozy sensation of warmth and softness and dim light. She opened her eyes wonderingly on the ivory and brown of her own room, on the flicker of light and shadow from her own small fire in its marble fireplace, on the familiar maple footboard of her own bed. Her head ached dully and she raised her hand to it, encountering [illegible] skin but the stiffness of bandages. And then there was Court, bending over her, [illegible] and haggard and [illegible]. And with shattering [illegible] she remembered.

Her [illegible] as though she were [illegible], but she didn't cry. She said in a small toneless voice that [illegible] Court to the heart, "I'm sorry if I frightened you. I didn't mean to—to get hurt m-much."

Court said huskily, "I know, but you might have been killed. Driving through stop lights, crying. Darling, you have nothing to cry about."

Now he was going to pretend. Now he was going to be kind and considerate and self-sacrific[illegible]. Jean closed her eyes and said, "Please—" And then she remembered Tod and her eyes flew open.

Court must have seen the fear and apprehension in them, because he said quickly, "Tod's all right. A few bruises, a sprained wrist. You were both luckier than you know."

His face, his dear dark worried face, was so much nearer now. Jean realized that he must have gone down on his knees beside the bed. He said with the air of a conspirator, "Listen now, and don't [illegible]. There's a nurse out in the hall and the minute she hears you talking she'll come in and put me out. She warned me." His eyes were serious and his mouth not quite steady. "Tod told me a few [illegible] New York [illegible]. But as soon as [illegible]"

[illegible] her. She [illegible] mother [illegible] But Court had a forbidding [illegible] talk [illegible]

[illegible] Tod told me [illegible] of some kind of [illegible] just be [illegible] Darling [illegible] at rest [illegible] Court's arms [illegible]

(Continued on Page 25)

Absent-mindedness Made Him a Bigamist

WHEN George Bauer, of Budapest, had been happily married three months to a pretty [illegible] disappeared from [illegible] and [illegible] the po[illegible] with an even comelier [illegible]. His dark-haired [illegible] was heartbroken and reluctantly went to court to charge her spouse with the serious crime of bigamy. "I forgot I was already married," said Bauer to the judge, and believe it or not he was acquitted when his lawyer pro[illegible] the evidence that his client [illegible] from loss of memory.

TOURISTS!
BE OIL-WISE
USE PENNZOIL
TOUGH-FILM MOTOR OIL
BELIEVE ME, MISTER, PENNZOIL THRIVES
ON HEAT AND SPEED AND LONG, HARD DRIVES

LOWELL THOMAS SPEAKING:

THE TIRE "BLEW".... LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING HIS CAR SHOT OFF THE ROAD

Let LOWELL THOMAS tell you what an unexpected Blow-out did to this New Jersey Motorist . . .

RALPH T. RYAN, JR., of Caldwell, New Jersey, was going East—East on Oxford Road near Montclair, New Jersey. But he almost "went West"—West on that one way highway on which you can never turn around.

Like most motorists Ralph Ryan took his tires for granted . . . never dreamed he'd have a blow-out—until BANG! went his right front tire. The car lurched—zigzagged past a speeding roadster. Seconds seemed like hours before he came to a jerky stop—just in time to miss climbing a tree.

Ralph Ryan calls it "horseshoe luck"—that and the good condition of his car. He wasn't badly hurt, but he won't forget the shaking up he got in a hurry. The right front fender and the right running board were smashed, but the car stood up well enough to be driven, limping to the nearest garage for some costly repairs.

It Can Happen To You

Is this an unusual case? Not by a long shot. Motorists from every walk of life, thousands of them, are killed or injured every year when blow-outs throw cars out of control. And, unfortunately, unless you ride on tires that give you the proper protection, there's no telling *when* or *where* you might have a high-speed blow-out.

A well known engineer told me that his organization, The B. F. Goodrich Company, in order to provide careful motorists with the *real* protection they needed against today's damaging high speed blow-outs, invented the Life Saver Golden Ply.

The Golden Ply, as it was described to me, is a layer of special rubber and full floating cords, scientifically treated to resist *internal tire heat*. By resisting this heat the Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating. It keeps blisters from forming. And when the blister is prevented, you prevent the great unseen cause of these high-speed blow-outs.

Taking tires for granted these days seems like a big risk for any motorist to take. The *safe* thing to do, I would say, would be to put *safe* tires on your car *before* the damage is done.

Lowell Thomas

Don't wait. If you have the safety of your family at heart, see your Goodrich dealer about these life-saving Goodrich Silvertowns today.

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Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown
WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

His Best Part

An Oldtime Actor Applies His Art to Life

By Sir Henry Lytton

Extracting a Ten Shilling Note From His Wallet, Lansing Thrust It Into Shane's Hand.

HYLTON SHANE uncorked a [illegible] of amber [illegible] tipped [illegible] the upper edge of his soft collar this might have passed as perfect so scrupulously had it been laundered. Many [illegible] anxious consideration [illegible] had to be devoted to his cravat however before it could be tied in a way that only revealed the minimum number of spots that even Shane's skill had been unable to save from ravelling.

He picked up his shoes [illegible] before he drew them on his feet. Though they had been polished until they glowed nothing could disguise the fact that the surface of the leather was broken into myriads of [illegible] and tributaries. Every evening [illegible] carefully he took them off. Shane inserted wooden trees but even this attention would never have preserved their shape after such prolonged service as they had seen had Shane not been blessed with a small, well-formed foot and a light, springy step.

He knotted his shoe laces into a neat bow stooping and gave his head the final benison of brush and comb that coaxed every hair into its appointed place, and slipped his arms into the sleeves of his double-breasted jacket. A pull here, a tug there and it fitted him without a crease. His soft Homburg had come from a famous firm of hatters, but now mysterious white-edged stains were beginning to show on the band. Shane eyed them with distaste but he knew of nothing but a new band that would prove effective. And that was out of the question.

Still, by adjusting the brim so that the downward tilt over his right eye seemed to draw observation to his face rather than his headgear he hoped its increasing [illegible] would pass unnoticed. Shane always claimed that with a [illegible] hat one could if necessary pass into the most exclusive [illegible] no matter what the rest of [illegible] might be like.

A pair of [illegible] chamois [illegible] gloves which had been washed so many times that now they barely concealed his wrists, a beautifully-folded light raincoat hung over his arm and Shane was ready to take his departure. He glanced at the cheap [illegible] clock that ticked on his mantelpiece. It pointed precisely to eleven [illegible]. Half an hour later Shane was strolling slowly up Charing Cross Road exchanging [illegible] greetings with many of the [illegible] of unemployed actors who thronged its pavements.

Laughing, chattering groups hailed him, but he refused to be drawn into conversation. A sonorous word here, a genial smile there, a wave of the hand, but nothing was permitted to delay his ordered progress. Then outside Wyndham's Theatre, in half turning to exchange greetings with a knot of cronies, he cannoned against a man who was hurrying past him.

"I'm so very sorry!" exclaimed Shane contritely. "It was my [illegible]. Why, if it isn't dear old Arthur Lansing!"

"Hylton Shane, by all that's wonderful! Why, it must be ten years since we toured together and I'll swear you don't look a day older."

"Where have you been all this time?"

"All over the world! Africa, Australia, [illegible], but dash it all man, come in, I'll have a drink and let's talk about old times."

Shane shook his head regretfully.

"I'm sorry, my dear fellow. There's nothing I should have liked better. But I make it a rule never to accept hospitality unless I can return it and at the moment, things are, I fear, a little difficult."

"Don't you dare to talk such nonsense to me! Would you rob me of ten minutes' pleasure to gratify your foolish pride? Come along, old chap, the drinks are on me."

They sipped their whiskies and sodas and talked as actors will of the good old days. At last Lansing glanced at his watch.

"I must be getting on," he said. "But before I go, tell me, are things very bad with you?"

Shane shrugged his shoulders.

"You know how things are," he said. "Charing Cross Road is crammed with out-of-work actors. I get a date here and there, but the gaps between seem to get longer. Tomorrow, for instance, I have been promised a day's crowd-work at Elstree. A special scene, picked people and double pay. Think of it, Lansing, old man, two guineas waiting to be picked up if only I had the fare. But I haven't, and Elstree's too far to walk at my time of life."

Lansing plunged his hand in his trousers pocket and then hastily felt for his wallet. Extracting a ten-shilling note he thrust it into Shane's hand.

"Go to Elstree, old fellow, and have a square meal before you go. You look as if you could do with it. Who knows, that bit of crowd work may be the first step back to stardom. Good luck!"

And, waving aside Shane's protests, he hurried out of the bar. Shane finished his drink, ground the stub of his cigarette in the ash-tray and strolled slowly after him. As the doors swung behind him the barmaid leaned over the counter and spoke confidentially to a commercial traveler.

"Know who that was next to you?"

"That white-haired old chap? No. Who is he?"

"That's Hylton Shane, the actor. Used to be a big star not so very long ago. You know, played Hamlet and suchlike parts. Lord knows how he keeps going now. He's always as neat as a new pin but he always wears the same clothes and you can see them getting shabbier and shabbier in spite of how he takes care of them. Poor old fellow!"

While they moralized over the hard lot of fallen stars, Shane pursued his unruffled course in the direction of the Palace Theatre. He turned in surprise as his arm was gripped from behind.

"The very man I want, Shane! I was just wondering how I could get in touch with you quickly."

"Hullo, Carden. Don't say you've got a job to offer me at last."

"That's just what I have got," exclaimed the agent. "Not quite the sort of thing you're used to, I'm afraid, but it'll help to keep the wolf from the door. Look here, if you'll slip along to The Bull with me, we'll have a bit of lunch and we're certain to meet Matthewson. He's always in there at this time. He's the chap you've got to see over this job."

While Carden was talking they reached The Bull, and the tubby little agent led the way upstairs to the big luncheon-room. He looked round and soon caught sight of the man he wanted.

"Hullo Matthewson!" he called, threading his way between the tables. "I've found the very man you were after. How's that for quick work, hey? Here's Hylton Shane, and if you don't mind we'll join you over lunch and see if we can get this little matter settled right away."

When they had given their order Matthewson began to outline his proposition.

"As I expect Carden has told you, I'm [illegible] the [illegible] Theatre. I'm looking for an experienced [illegible] to [illegible] stage management, take a hand in production if necessary, and play small parts. I can only offer a fiver a week, but it's only a small repertory theatre and as it is we're hardly paying our way."

"Mr. Matthewson, I can hardly find words to express my gratitude," said Shane huskily.

"That's all right, my dear fellow," answered Matthewson. "[illegible] I remember when I was a youngster in my teens I saw you in Henry V from the gallery of the old Regency at Coventry and thought I should never see anything so marvelous again. And I don't believe I have either."

"Stage management!" said Shane reflectively. "That will be child's play to me. Production? Well, some of my methods may be a little old-fashioned but I can at any rate teach these youngsters to speak so that the gallery will hear them. You can testify to that, Mr. Matthewson. But to act again! [illegible] Ah, there's the rub. Your policy is, I believe, to present the [illegible] modern. I will do my best, Mr. Matthewson. I feel I shall be worth the [illegible] offering, but it would break my heart, nay, it would do worse. It would shatter the last remnants of my pride if I failed you. Your kindness has touched [illegible]. It is so [illegible] that anyone [illegible] the triumphs [illegible] actor. For that reason I would rather starve than let you down."

"But why should you [illegible] down, Shane?" [illegible] Matthewson.

Shane [illegible] that [illegible] his heart. He [illegible] smoothly [illegible] he seemed to be fighting for self control.

"I have never [illegible] before," he said at last. "There has been no need. But my memory is not what it was. The [illegible] of the veteran [illegible] upon me. [illegible] In my old part [illegible] perfect. [illegible] there at [illegible] I cannot [illegible] but these youngsters with their [illegible] sentences [illegible]. [illegible] Nothing [illegible] I have [illegible] again, but even the shortest part seems beyond me. [illegible] if [illegible] were doing a Shakespearean season."

[illegible]

[illegible] Shane [illegible] that [illegible] a mask and the [illegible] in the

(Continued on Page 26)

WRAP DECORATION DAY SANDWICHES IN CUT-RITE WAXED PAPER!
CUT-RITE
CUT-RITE KEEPS FOOD FRESHER

...they'll stay FRESH

● [illegible]

[illegible]

Fortunately, all of us can afford to enjoy Pabst—the finest of beers. From coast to coast—in modest apartments as well as fine homes—folks are serving Pabst, brimming over with purity, wholesomeness and fine flavor.

To drink Pabst is to enjoy extra goodness. To serve Pabst is to win the approval of your guests. Ninety-three years of brewing experience assures you of so much more satisfaction—when you say Pabst—and it's available in the famous nonrefillable TapaCan or handy new style bottle.

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This is the [illegible] of an [illegible] tire valve, the [illegible] part that permits tire inflation and [illegible] the air in the tube.

This valve cap [illegible] seals the valve stem opening. It protects the valve inside against entrance of sand, dust, dirt and moisture that might injure the airtight seal.

Like spark plugs, light bulbs, fan belt and other parts of your car that may require inexpensive replacement, your tire valves are engineered with a removable and replaceable inside. If a dirt particle enters the valve and clogs or injures the small inside seal, replacement of the removable inside takes only a minute and costs just a few cents. This saves you an otherwise expensive repair or complete tube replacement. Years of service — trillions of tire miles — have proved the vital necessity of this fine engineering feature. It is essential to your safety, convenience and economy.

Ask for demonstration of these vital features the next time your tires are inflated.

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THE TIRE INDUSTRY'S STANDARD EQUIPMENT

THE DILL MANUFACTURING CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO
[illegible] DETROIT • LOS ANGELES • TORONTO

Curtains by Frederic Arnold Kummer

(Continued from Page 22)

hair out of his eyes. "Pardon the mess; I've been working." With a nervous sweep of his hand he indicated a typewriter, surrounded by sheets of manuscript.

Linda introduced herself, and us.

"I want to ask you some questions, Mr Hodges," she said. "About the jewel robbery at Miss Claussen's..."

"Oh, that!" The young man sank into a chair, lit a cigarette. "I've told all I know. To the police."

"Not quite all." Linda's eyes met his in a cool, white stare. "You didn't tell them, did you, how you came to drive down to Miss Claussen's apartment last night with a man named Corbus?"

I thought Mr Hodges would have been upset by that question, but he wasn't, his rather thin face remained unchanged.

"What's that got to do with it?" he asked.

"I don't know. I hope to find out. You realize who Corbus is, of course?"

"Mixed up in some gambling racket, isn't he? Well, if it's any worse a gamble than writing plays he's welcome to it."

That was not, I thought, a very good beginning; but Linda did not seem discouraged.

"Before we go ahead," she continued, "I wonder if you'd mind telling me how you met Miss Claussen?"

"Who... Marcia?" Hodges laughed. "At a party some newspaper and theatrical friends of mine gave. She's crazy about the theatre... about actors. I think they're lousy, myself... most of them. Actors and musicians... it's a toss-up which are worse, when you come to conceit."

"Still," Linda said, not batting an eyelash, "you took an actress to Miss Claussen's apartment last night."

"Sure. Matter of business. Little Eva's got a play of mine she's trying to have produced. Not long ago she said she'd like to meet Miss Claussen... you know, financial backing. I called Marcia up, she suggested bringing her to dinner..."

"And Mr. Corbus?"

"I'm coming to that. Eva lives at the Metropole; she's not playing right now. Asked me to pick her up at her place around six. When I got there she and Corbus were having a drink together. I'd never met him before. He said his car was downstairs and why pay taxi fares? That's how he happened to drive us over..."

"But," Linda said, "weren't you surprised to find Miss Dorrance with a man like that... a well-known racketeer?"

"Say!" Hodges grinned. "I wouldn't be surprised at anything, in show business. Plenty of Broadway productions are backed by racketeer money. Eva may have been trying to get Corbus to take a piece of that play I spoke of. After all, his cash is just as good as anybody else's, when it comes to putting on a show."

"And why did Miss Dorrance ask to see Miss Claussen's jewels?"

"Why not? Marcia's collection has been well advertised. I don't see anything queer about a woman, especially an actress, wanting to take a peek at a million dollars' worth of jewelry. I got quite a kick out of it myself."

"Then you don't think there is anything between Miss Dorrance and this man Corbus except backing a new production?"

"Ask me another! How would I know? I'm not interested in actresses' private lives; it's enough trouble trying to make them behave on the stage. Corbus isn't bad looking. Probably has a lot of jack. Little Eva might do worse. For all I know she may already be married to him."

Linda, I thought, seemed defeated. As for me, I could not make up my mind whether Hodges was telling the truth or just bluffing. A plausible enough story, and yet...

"Did you go upstairs, at Miss Claussen's, during the evening?" I heard Linda say.

"Yes. Once. Soon after Miss Van Dyke had taken the jewels back. I watched her climb that trick staircase, come down again, thought what a beautiful figure she had. We were about to start another rubber. Before it, her father left the table, went up. I followed a little later."

"How much later?" Linda asked quickly.

"Oh... four or five minutes. I remember I took a drink first. You don't keep track of time on parties. When I got up there I found the old gentleman in the bathroom; we came downstairs together."

I heard Don Robbins sigh. So Mr. Van Dyke had been the first person to visit the floor above, after the jewels had been replaced in the safe! And four or five minutes would have provided ample time for him to open it, take out the jewel case, slip the thing into his overcoat pocket. I thought of Polly Van Dyke facing a situation like that, with her father's death on top of it, and shuddered.

Linda dropped her half-smoked cigarette into an ash tray.

"Thanks, Mr. Hodges," she said. "We shan't keep you any longer. And if the police should question you again you need not mention our little talk..."

"I won't." The young man accompanied us back to the elevator. "Too darned busy writing plays to get mixed up in any murder mysteries; the stage is a tough game to buck."

"Yes," Linda said sweetly, "isn't it? You see, I'm an actress myself."

With that parting shot she left him; we all, I think, were rather depressed. Linda had told the cabman to wait; as we climbed back into the taxi she turned to Don Robbins.

"I'd like to go to Mr. Van Dyke's apartment now," she said.

Robbins gave the driver an address on Madison Avenue.

"Don't see how we're going to get in," he muttered, "without a key."

"We could ask the janitor," Linda told him, "but I'm hoping someone will be there."

She was right. Plainclothes men. Searching the small, old-fashioned flat. It was on the ground floor; as soon as we reached the door of it I saw Inspector Bridges standing just inside, talking to Sergeant Olds.

"Say," the man from the Homicide Squad growled, catching sight of us. "You been giving me a run-around, young fellow?"

"What do you mean?" Robbins asked.

"You said you wanted to break the sad news to that Van Dyke girl. Sure you didn't drop in here on your way?"

"I give you my word, Sergeant," Linda said quickly, "that we haven't been near here. Do you mind telling us why you ask?"

"I do not. Somebody's gone through this place ahead of us with a fine-tooth comb! Thought it might have been you folks."

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

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STEMBITER YELLO-BOLE

Godmothers for Traveling Children

TAKING the children along to visit Uncle Ned in Chicago need no longer be a problem to parents. For the children now have a capable "godmother," newest personality in the railroad business. Mothers may now relax and enjoy their trips to the full, confident that Junior is in experienced hands.

The "godmothers" are the attractive young stewardesses on one of the newest streamline trains. Their friendly personal service to youngsters and babies and all other passengers marks an entirely new chapter in railroad annals.

The stewardesses are graduate nurses whose personality, charm, efficiency and courteous helpfulness have won them the new positions sought after by hundreds of applicants throughout the country. Attired in striking military uniforms of blue-gray whipcord, bright blue orange-lined capes and over-seas caps, they symbolize a departure in service as advanced as the streamliner on which they ride.

The train on every trip carries a number of mothers with children of all ages. Relieving parents by dining with these young wanderers, entertaining them, and instructing them in train routine is part of the stewardess' regular job.

To the children, the stewardess is one of the most exciting elements in the big adventure of cross-country travel. No question of the whys and wherefors of train operation go unanswered when she's around! She explains why the brakeman carries a lantern, how fast the train is going, and even what makes it go so fast. Why, in some ways, she's even smarter than the kiddies' own parents. And she doesn't mind answering questions, either.

The stewardesses are experts in baby care, also, and mothers traveling with infants accept with heartfelt thanks their services in making formulas, warming milk and sterilizing bottles. They appreciate even more perhaps the privilege of leaving their babies in the stewardess' care for intervals each day while they relax from the arduous cares of motherhood and take time out to enjoy the scenery of the trip.

Service to children and babies, however, is only a small part of the stewardess' activities. She goes through each car of the train at regular intervals throughout the day, gives first-aid treatment to the man who has cut his finger on a razor blade while reaching into his suitcase, advises the elderly man whose rheumatism is bothering him, or prepares a hot-water bottle for the elderly lady in lower seven.

The stewardess' headquarters is a section in one of the Pullmans. A complete first aid kit and miscellaneous other supplies for the safety and comfort of passengers comprise her "office" equipment.

The stewardesses are enthusiastic about their unusual job. And, judging from the letters of appreciation, often including a proposal or two, the streamline passengers like the new special service.

Hay While the Sun Shines

By Rosamond Du Jardin

(Continued from Page 23)

tively that there was no room for doubt to creep in ever again. "That's ridiculous! I've known girls like your sister all my life. Scintillating, beautiful, shallow. But you're real, Jean. You're beauty and loyalty and peace. It was so heavenly just at first, darling. And then you seemed to change. I was afraid—God, how afraid I was! I was afraid you'd made a mistake, that you'd found out you didn't really love me. I thought if I were very careful not to bind you too tightly, not to coerce you, you'd find your way back to me. You're so young, so sweet, eight years younger than I. For a while I was even afraid you were beginning to care for Tod."

His dark head bent to her fair one, compelled by the eager pressure of her arms. He kissed her very gently and then not quite so gently and then not gently at all.

"This is like it was at first," he said, "before we got all cluttered up with Fleury and Tod and thinking things we were afraid to say and saying things we didn't mean."

His voice trailed away, for Jean was saying, her lips so tight against his hard dark cheek that he half heard her words, half felt them, "This is the way it's always going to be. Oh, Court, I love you."

The End.

WIN A KELVIN HOME

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The new 1937 Kelvinator is Plus-Powered. It has as much as double the cooling capacity of many other well-known refrigerators of equal size.

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Only Kelvinator gives you all these advantages: Built-in Thermometer, Rubber Grids in all ice trays, Certificate of Low Operating Cost, 5-year Protection Plan.

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Think of it! A 6-room, air-conditioned Kelvin Home—completely equipped with all modern Kelvinator equipment, automatic heating with coal, gas or oil, electric or gas range, Kelvinator Refrigerator, electric washer and ironer, etc.—including lot! A new way of living for you—new comfort and luxury—FREE if you win 1st Prize in this contest. And it actually costs less to *live in* a Kelvin Home, the home of tomorrow, than in an ordinary house! Worth trying for, isn't it? Yet you'll be amazed how easy this contest is. It's fun, too!

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All you do is fill in a few easy missing words in the official entry blank—which is waiting for you at your nearest Kelvinator dealer's now—FREE! Just drop in tomorrow and ask for it. Nothing to buy.

And besides all the information you'll need to enter this great contest, you'll get FREE, a handsome, interesting book that tells you all about KELVIN HOME, the new kind of home for a better way of living, with pictures of different exteriors, floor plans, photographs of its modern, miracle-working equipment.

Enter the contest now. Full instructions at your nearest Kelvinator dealer's. Ask, too, for your free copy of the Kelvin Home Book. Do this tomorrow!

Contest closes June 6th, 1937. Winners will be announced in a later issue of this publication.

SEE YOUR NEAREST KELVINATOR DEALER

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PLUS-POWERED Kelvinator CUTS THE COST OF BETTER LIVING

Prepared Baby Foods for the Pantry Shelf

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

NO MONARCH is more revered and precious to his subjects than is the baby in the home. Ruling by means of his happy smile and gurgling "coos," his slightest ache, pain or fretfulness becomes a matter of concern as immediate to the family as is the illness of a monarch to the physicians of the bedchamber.

His entire calendar of appointments—feeding, airing and sleeping, not forgetting his daily participation in the rites of the Order of the Bath—receives formal attention from mother and nurse. His foods, solid or liquid, appear at intervals timed to split second accuracy.

And they must be the right foods, offered in whatever manner best conserves their valuable mineral salts, vitamins and other qualities which enable His Majesty to wax strong and crow lustily, tipping the scales with an added fraction of scientifically estimated weight, week after week.

But being a "chef" to a growing infant or young child is a full-time job, particularly when market vegetables and other fresh products are exclusively used. What young mother will refuse to admit the tediousness of picking spinach, grating carrots or straining soups for small portions or even single-cup portion amounts?

No sincere mother wishes to shirk the responsibility of providing her child daily with fresh foods, cleaned and cooked with scrupulous care. But if she has other heavy demands on her time, such as house-cleaning and the needs of other children of school age, she may not have sufficient time and quiet interval in which to prepare every meal of the baby to the desired perfection.

It is here that the prepared baby food can be of immense value. For today it is possible to buy, in small-can size, practically every variety of vegetable or other feeding ration advised by the most progressive child specialists. Beets or beans, tomatoes or carrots, liver or prunes, all the vitamin foods from A to Z, come factory-sterilized and factory-sealed, ready to place on the pantry shelf for these feeding requirements.

Not only is the cleaning and picking over of vegetables a tedious task at best, but, in the case of infant feeding, vegetables, broths and soups must be strained to a fine uniform pulp or puree. The mother who does this herself uses a special sieve or straining device, but even then the result is not always uniform and free from lumps or coarse portions.

Whereas smoothness, uniform texture and a standardized product are the chief advantages of the prepared baby foods. Not one day but every day, the soup or liver or tomatoes present the identical consistency—not too liquid, not too harsh or full of fibre, but easy for baby's tongue to manage while giving the digestive system some exercise.

In short, this type of ready-to-eat food is "stabilized," always the same whether bought in the home town store or while traveling. And this quality of known food value is most important in all true "rationing" or feeding, as contrasted with mere "eating" which has certain values at one meal and totally different ones at the next, and so on.

"But I like to prepare baby's food in my own clean kitchen," some young mother may remark. That's fine, but don't suppose for a moment that a factory kitchen has a standard of cleanliness below that of the best home.

On the contrary, the chances are that a food factory responsible for putting up foods for infant feeding has just about the cleanest, most sanitary kitchen that can be found. It is government-inspected, State-inspected, and protected with all kinds of restrictions which insure its being "surgically clean."

Let's take a short trip and see how such baby foods are prepared. Really fresh vegetables and fruits are taken, at the peak of their season, from the fields to the factory. Skilled inspectors scan every pea or carrot, as it passes on a slowly moving table, to see if it presents rust, mold, scale or other imperfection.

After the products are washed, they are inspected a second time. Then pop they go into huge shining cookers or sterilizers, each of which resembles a giant pressure cooker. As is well known, a pressure cooker breaks down food fibres more thoroughly and satisfactorily than any double-boiler or usual home-cooking utensil.

From the cookers, the softened vegetable pulp is passed into equally immense power-operated strainers, which separate soft pulp from hard fibres. A glass-lined vacuum kettle now receives the strained pulp, which becomes further concentrated by the removal of air. This concentration is scientifically watched, so that each batch of pulp is of the same consistency.

The product is then packed into cans, sealed by machinery, and sterilized. When cooled, the cans are labeled and packed in readiness for the dealers' store shelves. Finally, after each kettle of food is finished, the whole apparatus, walls and floor, is treated to a bath of live steam. No germs are left in such a sterilized factory.

Various soups and broths besides those containing vegetables come packed in cans for child-feeding. Liver soup, for example, is one of the most valuable for building up blood cells and general resistance to anemia, since liver is an "iron" food.

Made in a smooth pulp form, it is a favorite with children. Fruits also, such as apricots, apple sauce and the familiar prunes, come in soft puree made possible by the pressure cooking and straining.

Summer time is the most difficult season in which to travel with young children. Or, in remote localities, when vacationing near beach or woods, it is often impossible to obtain the needed daily supply of fresh vegetables.

The writer can speak feelingly on this point, for while she lives in the midst of a truck farm district, it is very difficult to obtain quality products, since the farmers ship the cream of the crop to town!

The canned vegetables, however, in the special baby-feeding form, do away with all anxiety about whether or not it will be possible to secure Junior's proper fresh foods while at camp or cottage. Freed from market produce ups-and-downs, the protective tin package keeps foods safe, fresh and uncontaminated.

When mother herself prepares such foods, the tendency is to make up a large batch, since it is easier and time-saving to prepare in quantity, and then to use a little of it each day. But this large-quantity cooking for children has two bad drawbacks: the childish appetite is fickle and rebels at the same food repeated at frequent intervals.

Adults may not weary of the same soup or the roast carried out to the third day, because they are able to use condiments and high seasonings to lessen monotony. Not so the child. And the other disadvantage is that delicate foods, when made up in quantity and not used immediately, are all too likely to spoil or become odorous, especially when lacking full refrigeration.

For these reasons, it is wiser and safer to prepare or open up only the amount which is to be used right away, thus satisfying both the child's appetite and the mother's desire for protected foods.

Selected Baby Food Recipes.

Carrot Custard: 1 egg, slightly beaten; 1 cup milk, 5 tablespoons puree of carrots, 1 tablespoon sugar. Combine egg with remaining ingredients and blend well. Pour into custard cup, place cup in a pan filled with hot water to depth of custard. Bake 40 minutes in a moderate oven, at 325 degrees, or until custard is set. Serves 2 to 3.

Fruited Cream Cheese Sandwich Spread: 1 package cream cheese, 5 tablespoons puree of dried prunes or apricots. Mash cream cheese until soft and smooth. Blend with fruit. Place in glass jar and keep in refrigerator. Use as spread on wholewheat bread or crackers.

Baked Carrots in Ramekin: 5 tablespoons puree of carrots, ½ cup dried bread-crumbs, grains salt, butter. Blend together carrots, crumbs and salt. A little finely-grated onion may be added, if desired. Place in buttered ramekin or custard cup. Dot with butter. Bake 15 minutes in a hot oven, at 375 degrees. Serves 1.

Carrot Cheese Salad Dressing (for Children): 2 tablespoons cream cheese, 1 teaspoon olive oil, 2 tablespoons puree of carrots, 1½ teaspoons lemon juice, grains salt. Mash cream cheese. Add carrots and remaining ingredients and blend together until smooth and creamy. Serve on shredded lettuce or other salad green. Serves 1.

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Prescribed for years by an Ohio physician, Olive Tablets are now one of America's best known proprietaries—famous because they are so mild and gentle.

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Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, soft, cushioning, medicated foot plaster, instantly relieves pain, stops shoe pressure on Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Tender Spots on feet and toes. Flesh color. Cuts to any size or shape. Costs but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Department and 10¢ stores.

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Next time you need powder to hold your plates in your mouth, ask your druggist to show you a package of KLING. You get twice as much KLING for your money and you also get a better powder. Dentists recommend KLING because it holds plates firmer, sweetens the breath and does not have that pasty taste or feeling. Get the big 35 cent package of KLING and enjoy months of mouth comfort. Don't waste money on substitutes, insist on KLING.

His Best Part

By Sir Henry Lytton

(Continued from Page 24)

opposite side of the luncheon-table was definitely frail and feeble. There was silence for a few moments, and then Matthewson blew his nose loudly.

"I'm damned sorry, Shane," he said huskily. "I didn't realize—I thought of you and felt it would be a good thing to have a man like you in my company. But I see now that perhaps—well, it's dashed good of you to be so straight with me. Some men would have jumped at the job and let me find out for myself that they couldn't play the parts I gave them. Waiter, where's the bill? Yes, all three on mine, please."

As they were walking down the stairs, Matthewson pressed a folded pound note into Shane's hand.

"Just look upon it a loan to be repaid when your ship comes home," he murmured. "I can guess that things are pretty tough with you just now. Good-bye, and I hope that something turns up soon."

Shane wrung the other's hand, his face twitching with emotion.

"They say that the modern theatrical manager is a soulless man of business who cares nothing for the great traditions of the stage. But I know better, my dear friend, I know better."

At about six o'clock that evening Hylton Shane inserted his key in the front door of the lodging-house where he rented a bed-sitting-room. He walked briskly upstairs to the first floor and stood for a few moments rubbing his hands before the fire that crackled brightly in his little sanctum.

Then he began to undress. The shabby blue serge suit was draped over a hanger, the cracked shoes went on their trees, and the threadbare shirt into a drawer. With the quick, certain movements of the experienced actor to whom changes of clothes are a matter of normal routine, he dressed himself again in a silk and a comfortable tweed suit of good cut and quality. An approving glance in the mirror and he walked to the door.

"Mrs. Cooper!" he called. "Mrs. Cooper! Ah, good evening, Mrs. Cooper. I'm ready for my dinner. And what are you giving me tonight? Steak and mushrooms, sautes potatoes and one of your admirable omelettes to follow? Excellent! Mrs. Cooper, you are a treasure and your cooking is perfection. Yes, serve as soon as you like."

He strolled over to the window and switched on his console model wireless set.

"A little light music while I dine," he murmured, "and later, perhaps, a visit to the cinema. Let me see, I've had quite a good day, I think. Ten, thirty, thirty-five, thirty-eight shillings. Very nearly a couple of pounds, not to mention lunch and sundry drinks. That was a terrible moment when I thought I might have to accept the good Matthewson's job. I should really dislike having to give up playing my best part—the fallen star."

The End.

Reformed "Playboy" Comes Back to Broadway's Gay Night Life

(Continued from Page 3)

her way around Broadway and should have made an ideal mate for a playboy. But she got along no better with Phil, and after a series of quarrels, with only brief reconciliations, divorced him in 1929.

Phil decided that no kind of wife was any good for a playboy, but several ladies thought otherwise and announced their engagement to him. One of them, Marjorie Finley, said it in court, with a $400,000 breach-of-promise suit, which was settled privately. After the Jesmer automobile accident, young Plant lost interest in automobiling and took to the sea, on the theory that there was plenty of elbow room to avoid collisions, but found he was mistaken.

On his fast cruiser Lolita, he got rammed and sunk off Rye Beach, Connecticut, by Chatfield Taylor's Chang Wang III. Plant's deck-hand was drowned and his guest, Claire Windsor, film star, was so annoyed at her ducking and the publicity, that she added her lawsuit to all the others arising from the accident.

After this young Mr. Plant was discouraged no end. If he took anyone for a ride, on land or sea, they got hurt or killed or wet, and whatever happened they sued him, and a wife for a playboy means a divorce suit. If he didn't marry the ladies they sued for breach of promise. Life seemed hopeless, and then came Edna Dunham, newly-divorced from a Boston stock broker. She had the ingenious idea that he should give up his playboy life and become a gentleman farmer with her.

Phil tried it for three years, and says it might have worked but for that lampshade incompatibility. Now Marjorie King says all other theories are wrong. He can be a playboy, happy though married to her.

"You have an enemy—a beautiful blonde
IT'S YOURSELF!"

"*I see* a tall, handsome, dark man. He thought a great deal of you at first—but he has been estranged.

"*I see* merry gatherings, parties—but you do not seem to be present.

"*I see* a trip for you—but you are going alone.

"*I see* an enemy. She is a lovely blonde. *It's you, yourself, my dear!*"

• • •

The most dangerous enemy a woman ever has is *herself*. For it is her own failings which defeat her—of which she too often is completely unaware.

It's a common experience to meet a girl who seems to have everything—beauty, brains, personality. And yet one personal fault holds her back—a fault with which the social and business worlds have no patience. *The annoying odor of underarm perspiration.*

It's hard to see how she can be so careless. Or how she can be unconscious of it herself.

It is doubtless because she thinks her daily bath protects her. And yet, of course, all soap and water can do is to cleanse for the moment. They cannot protect in the hours to come.

The smartest, busiest women choose one unfailing way to be safe at *all* times. The daily Mum habit!

So quick and easy to use! It takes only half a minute to use Mum. Just smooth a quick fingertipful under each arm—that's all there is to it! No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. Use Mum any time, before dressing or afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. You'll like this about Mum, too—you can use it even on a sensitive skin right after shaving your underarms. It soothes and cools.

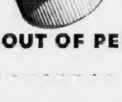
Lasts all day. Use Mum in the morning and just forget your underarms. You're safe for all day!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. And this is important! You can always count on Mum to prevent every trace of unpleasant body odor and yet it doesn't interfere with natural perspiration.

Protect that niceness of person which is such an important part of success, by the daily Mum habit. It's so quick and easy and sure! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS there's nothing quite so effective as Mum—and so comforting to your peace of mind!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



I JUST LOVE THE SWEET-SMELLING FRESHNESS OF YOUR WASH, AND ITS SNOWY WHITENESS IS A JOY TO SEE
THE NEW 1937 RINSO DOES DO WONDERS WITH THE CLOTHES
SO THAT'S YOUR SECRET—THE NEW RINSO! I'VE HEARD THAT IT GIVES 25 TO 50% MORE SUDS
THAT'S RIGHT! AND WHAT SUDS! THEY'RE SO MUCH FASTER-ACTING AND LONGER-LASTING NOW
WITHOUT A BIT OF SCRUBBING OR BOILING THE NEW RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES AT LEAST 5 SHADES WHITER THAN ORDINARY SOAPS
AND YOUR COLORED THINGS SIMPLY SPARKLE!

I'VE DISCOVERED THAT THE NEW RINSO IS MARVELOUS FOR DISHES—MUCH MORE ECONOMICAL—A LITTLE GOES SO FAR. JUST AS KIND TO YOUR HANDS, TOO

WHEN we first announced that Rinso had been improved, women who had used Rinso for years said, "How could you make Rinso any better; it always has been such a perfect soap?" But then they tried the New 1937 Rinso and joyously stated that it gives 25 to 50% more suds—that it soaks clothes at least 5 shades whiter than ordinary soaps—without scrubbing or boiling.

So, if you haven't used Rinso lately—we urge you to do so. See for yourself how much richer, faster-acting and longer-lasting the New Rinso suds are. Rinso is recommended by the makers of 33 famous washers. Economical—a little goes a long, long way.

NEW 1937 RINSO NOW ON SALE AT ALL GROCERS—IN SAME FAMILIAR PACKAGE

AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP

Creamed Chicken and Other Tested Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Creamed Chicken in May Basket.

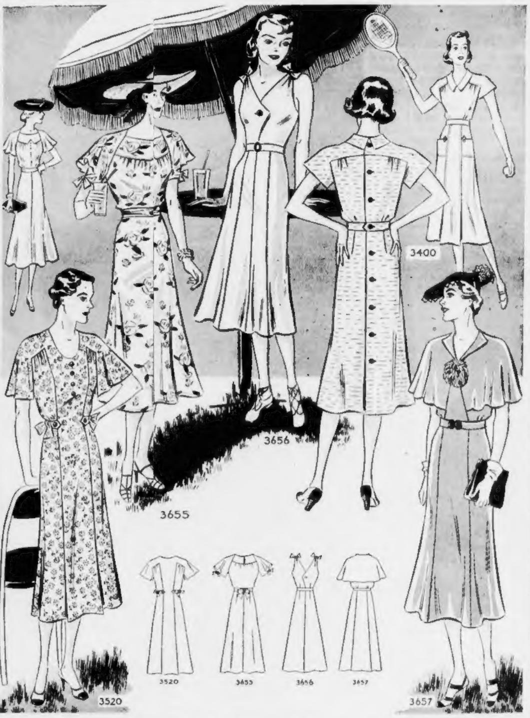
PREPARE well-seasoned creamed chicken accordin to recipe previously given on his page. Remove crust from small oval loaf of bread and scoop out center of loaf, leaving a handle for the basket. Brush outside of basket and handle with slightly-diluted egg white. Roll in finely-chopped parsley until basket looks like soft green moss. Fill basket with well-seasoned chicken mixture and serve immediately.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Berries, Whole Grain Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toasted Raisin Bread, Milk or Coffee.	*Breakfast* Canned Peaches, Cereal, Toasted English Muffins, Broiled Prunes in Bacon, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Prunes in Orange Juice or Apple Sauce, Cereal, Coddled Eggs, Toasted Rolls, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Melon, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Cornmeal Muffins, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Stewed Dried Apricots, Cereal, Toasted Cheese Bread or Cheese Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Sliced Oranges, Cereal, Green Corn Griddle Cakes, Syrup, Milk or Coffee.	*Breakfast* Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Toasted Rolls or Muffins, Marmalade, Coffee.
Luncheon Macaroni Scalloped with Cheese, Crusty Rolls, Rhubarb Marmalade, Banana, Nut and Date Salad, Honey Dressing, Iced Tea with Lemon.	*Luncheon* Swedish Cabbage Soup, Swedish Bread, Raspberry and Banana Surprise, Tea.	*Luncheon (Company)* Salmon Salad in Tomato Aspic, Potato Chips, Chives Biscuits, Pineapple Mint Sherbet, Cookies, Iced or Hot Coffee Substitute.	*Luncheon* Stuffed Squash, Cherry Nut Salad, Ice-Box Rolls, Iced Cocoa.	*Luncheon* Emergency Soup, Croutons, Sea Dream Salad, Pinwheel Biscuits, Raspberry Surprise.	*Luncheon* Baked Beans with Frankfurters, Tomato Ice-Box Rolls, Macedoine Fruit Salad, Salad Dressing, Crescent Wafers, Iced Lemonade.	*Dinner* Raspberry and Melon Cocktail, Lambs' Tongues in White Sauce, Potatoes on Half-Shell, French-Fried Asparagus, Cucumber Cress Salad, French Dressing, One-Two-Three Dessert, Coffee.
Dinner Rich Vegetable Soup, Jellied Left-Over Lamb or Veal, Vegetable Casserole, Fruit Trifle with Custard Sauce.	*Dinner* Tomato Juice, Fried Smelts, Parsley Potatoes, Spinach Ring with Carrot Beet Garn Upside-Do Cake wit Whipped Cream.	*Dinner* Half-Moon Canapes, Veal Fricassee with Vegetables, Browned Potatoes, Green Beans, Apple Tarts with Spice Pastry.	*Dinner* Fresh Pineapple with Mint, Minced Ham in Noodle Ring, Asparagus and Green Peas, Jellied Beet Salad, Salad Dressing, Sour Cream Pie.	*Dinner* Planked Lamb Steak, Green Lima Beans, Peas with Mint, Buttered Potato Curls, Fruit Compote, Date Bars.	*Dinner* Strawberry Cocktail, Salmon Croquettes, Green Peas, Beet Top Ring with Baby Beets, Apple Gingerbread with Whipped Cream.	*Supper (Picnic)* Tomato Sandwiches, Crabflake Sandwiches, Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches, Olives, Gherkins, Radishes, Cream Puffs, Coffee Substitute.

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3655—COOL AND SPRIGHTLY—THIS GLORIOUS STYLE THAT'S AT ITS BEST IN COLORFUL, FLOWER-SPANGLED PRINT. Designed for women's and misses' sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3656—WITH A FULL, GORED FLARE TO YOUR SKIRT, AND BOWS ON YOUR SHOULDERS—YOU'LL LOOK CHIC IN THIS "WINNER"! Designed for women's and misses' sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3400—IT'S POLITE TO TURN YOUR BACK WHEN YOU REVEAL A ROW OF SAUCY BUTTONS THAT SWEEP FROM NECKLINE TO HEM! Designed for women's and misses' sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch fabric.

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Pattern 3657—COULDN'T BE MORE FLATTERING, COULD IT THIS SLENDERIZING MODEL THAT BOASTS A GRACEFUL CAPE-COLLAR? Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch fabric.

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Broiled Steak with Chili Hollandaise. (By Request).

WIPE steak with a clean damp cloth. Grease broiler with beef suet. Place broiler over broiler pan. Lay the meat on the broiler. Place in preheated oven close to heat, cook until half done, turn over with spatula or fork (taking care not to pierce meat with fork) and finish cooking. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Remove to hot platter and spread with Chili Hollandaise sauce. Serve immediately. To make the Chili Hollandaise: Melt ⅓ cup butter over hot water. Beat 2 egg yolks until light with 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Add the butter gradually, beating constantly. Season with a few grains pepper, ¼ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons chili sauce. A little finely-chopped parsley may be added, if desired. Stir over hot water with a wire whisk until thick. Serve immediately.

Chocolate Sponge Cake.

MELT 3 squares (ounces) chocolate over hot (not boiling) water with 2 tablespoons butter. Mix and sift 1¼ cups pastry flour with ½ teaspoon soda, 1½ teaspoons cream of tartar and ½ teaspoon salt. Beat 3 eggs until light and beat in gradually 1½ cups sifted sugar, the melted chocolate and butter and ½ cup lukewarm water. Add the sifted flour and a few drops flavoring. Mix lightly until smooth. Turn into dripping pan lined with waxed paper. Bake about 30 or 40 minutes in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees.

Creamy Chocolate Frosting.

MIX 2 squares (ounces) unsweetened chocolate, shaved or cut into small pieces, ½ cup sugar and ¾ cup milk. Bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Mix 3 tablespoons flour with 2 or 3 tablespoons cold water. Add slowly to first mixture, stirring until thick. Remove from heat. Add 1 tablespoon butter and a few drops vanilla.

Lamb Salad.

SPRINKLE 3 or 4 hard-cooked eggs with a little well-seasoned French dressing. Also sprinkle with French dressing 1 cup cooked potato balls or dice, 1 cup cooked cauliflower flowerets and 2 or 3 quartered small ripe tomatoes. Mix 1 cup cold cooked lamb with the potatoes and 2 of the eggs, sliced or pressed through coarse sieve. Moisten with tomato mayonnaise. Place in center of salad bowl and garnish with the cauliflower flowerets and tomatoes and 1 or 2 sliced hard-cooked eggs. Serve with tomato mayonnaise.

Grapefruit with Mint.

CUT grapefruit pulp in small pieces for serving. Sprinkle with sugar, if desired. Place in chilled cocktail glasses. Garnish with finely-chopped green mint.

Chocolate Sauce. (By Request).

MELT 1 ounce chocolate over hot water, add 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons light corn syrup and slowly add ⅓ cup boiling water. Bring to boiling point, add 1 cup sugar and boil to 232 degrees. Cool slightly and add ½ teaspoon vanilla or other desired flavoring.

Pineapple Cocktail.

DICE fresh pineapple. Sprinkle with a very little sugar. Chill. Serve in chilled cocktail glasses with or without a crisp sprig of mint or a little finely-chopped mint in each glass.

Sour Cream Filling.

MIX ¼ cup sour cream, ½ cup sugar, 1½ cups finely-chopped nutmeats and 1 teaspoon butter. Cook gently until thick. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Better Menus

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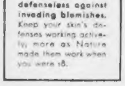
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